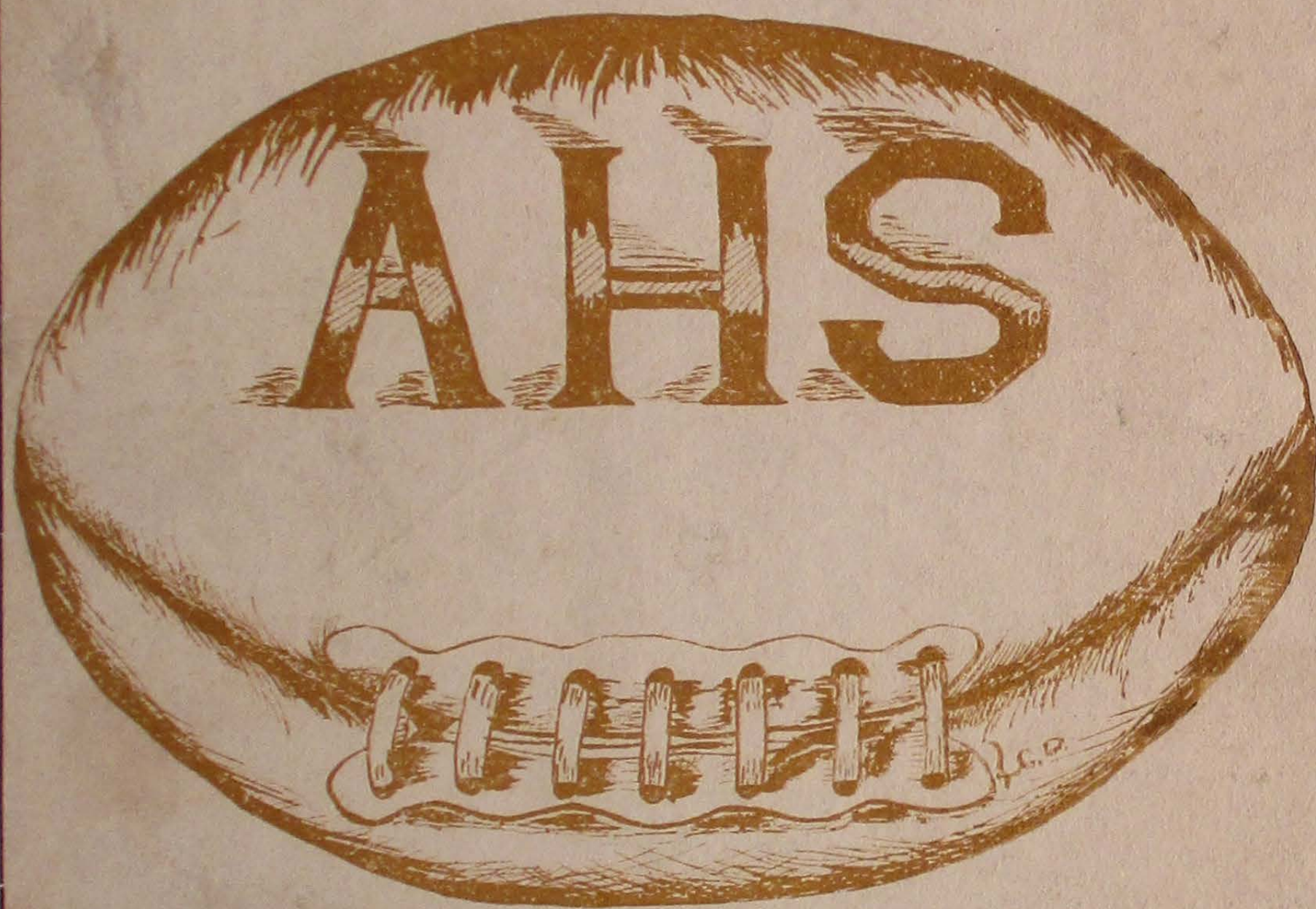


THE SPIRIT



VOL. V

DECEMBER 1915

NO. 1

The "Spirit"

of

Christmas

Prevails at



*Gifts for Everyone that
show good taste and
good value*

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 5.

DECEMBER, 1915.

No. 1.

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Ames High School.

50 cents a year.

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Junior	- - - - -	Claude Scarborough
Sophomore	- - - - -	Victor Beach
Freshmen	- - - - -	Eleanor Murray

EDITORIAL

As you all know, the "Spirit" last year was a success, although there was a debt left over because of the Annual. Was it because not enough students of Ames High subscribed to the "Spirit". We shall let you answer that question for yourselves. This year with your help we want to make the "Spirit" the best paper that Ames High ever had. We shall certainly do our best to make it so. We ask you to show your high school spirit and help us in whatever we may do to get this paper free from debt for this year. The only way is for everyone to do his part and subscribe for it. Other schools have made their papers a success, so can we.

Boost for the "Spirit".

Patronize our advertisers.

We have in our high school this year, seven new members added to the faculty. We hope that they will do everything they can to make Ames High better and receive the loyal support of each student.

Miss Thornburg comes to us from Austin, Minn. It was too cold there for her, so she decided to seek a warmer climate, choosing Ames High.

Miss Turner, our "little" teacher, was in the University of Iowa last year. She brought with her some of the college spirit, which makes things lively, especially freshmen parties.

Miss Johnson taught in Coon Rapids last year, and we hope that she will enjoy her work in Ames High better than in any other school.

Miss Coskery comes to us from Parkersburg, where she taught last year. She has the task of teaching the Juniors how to speak correctly.

Miss Fickel did not teach last year, so she has that much more enthusiasm for this year's work.

Miss Gates comes to us from northern Wisconsin. Her home is in Fort Dodge. She is fast winning her way into the hearts of the Freshmen.

Last but not least, is our new football coach, Mr. Thompson, who comes to us from West High, with which school we have had many a game on the football field. We certainly appreciate what he is doing for Ames High athletics.

The cover of this number of the "Spirit" was drawn by Leonard Deal '17.

OUR ASSEMBLIES

We have had some very enjoyable assemblies this year. Devotions have been led on different occasions by Rev. Harris, Rev. Thuresson and Rev. Hawley and each has given us some very good advice. On the day that Mr. Hawley led the devotions, Hazel Cave told us about the Christmas work of the Home Economics girls. Mr. Hanson of the College Y. M. C. A. gave us a talk one day on "Petering Out." At a special assembly, Dr. Preston Search, traveler and lecturer spoke to us and entertained the Freshmen with stories of his childhood days. The upper classmen also were much interested. On one assembly day Mr. Thompson told us of "Our Prospects in Football". A representative of the Edison company has entertained us with selections on the Edison machine, much to the enjoyment of several of the "youngsters" of the High School who were especially delighted with the song about the pussy cat. On Friday, December third, Mrs. Carey, state president of the D. A. R. and National Patriotic Instructor, after an entertaining as well as instructive talk, presented us with a beautiful American flag, from the D. A. R. ladies of this city. We sincerely thank the ladies for the beautiful flag and for the great interest they have shown in us.

ATHLETICS

THE GREAT GAME

It's a great old game, is football;
A wonderful game, indeed;
It's great for the back—
If the bones don't crack
Like a section of jimson weed.

It's great for the knees and ankles,
It's great for the ribs and chest;
And, goodness knows,
It is great for the toes—
If they don't get smashed or messed.

It's great when the plunging halfback
Connects with a six-inch gain
And lies, stretched cold,
On the cleat torn mold—
If his head can withstand the strain.

It's great when the flying quarter,
By making a head long dive,
Does something fine
On his ten yard line—
Yes, it's great if he's still alive!

It's a great old game, is football,
It keys to the highest notch,
I do not say
That it's great to play;
But it's perfectly great—to watch!

—Kenneth L. Roberts (Boston Times).

The team started off the season by defeating Nevada by the decisive score of 51 to 0.

Sloss's injury after the second game broke up the backfield as no other man had had any experience at quarterback. Anderson, who had been playing a star game at fullback had to be switched to quarter.

Graduation will take Sloss, Thuresson, Stewart, Pammel, Kloppenburg, Nowlin and Risley. These will be keenly missed but with Terry, Waitley, Murphy, Posegate, Ricketts, Speers, Hammond, Dvoracek, Ewing, Deal and Moreland to fill their places we should have a first class team next season.



FOOT BALL SQUAD 1915

Top Row—Quade, Soper, Stewart, Elliott (Captain), Coach Thompson, Britten, Risley, Van Duzer, Murphy.
 Middle Row—Hoon, Ricketts, Nowlin, Waitley, Pammel, Sloss.
 Bottom Row—Crosby, Lerdall, Posegate, Thuresson, Anderson.

Elliott "Captain"

Captain Elliott was always musing up opponents plays and stopped everything that came his way. Seldom failed to open a hole when the play came in his direction.

Anderson.

After playing a stellar game at fullback was changed to quarter back to fill Sloss's shoes. Was a good ground gainer and a hard worker.

Britten.

Brit, last year's guard, was changed to center this year and played a good game there. Made his passes accurate and was always in the play.

Ricketts.

Bill would have been a valuable man to the team but injuries in the second game kept him out of the lineup for the rest of the season.

Thuresson.

Harry was the scrappiest and most aggressive man on the team. Played a good game at tackle and showed ability as an end man.

Stewart.

Stewart played a steady game at the other tackle. Was out of a few games with a bad knee.

Soper.

Soper played at center, guard and tackle and showed football ability in each position. Played most of the time at guard and the opponents never found him waiting for the play to come to his side the scrimmage line.

Hoon.

Hoon was a stone wall on defense, a good passer and an exceptional punter. Always had the other team guessing whether he was going to kick or pass.

Swearingen.

It is unfortunate for a player to be good at any and all positions, for he is usually kept on the side lines awaiting his opportunity to help in time of need. Swearingen played at guard, tackle, end, full and halfback and was never found wanting.

Sloss.

Tom's injury after the second game kept him on the side lines for the rest of the season. When he came out again the latter part of the season he broke his collar bone again.

Quade.

Was ineligible the first few games but when he got in the game made a showing for himself. Many times he plowed through the opponents line for long gains.

Heater.

Bill was a good steady half. Was a good punter and better on defense than offense.

Pammel.

Pete ran fifty yards for a touchdown against Fort Dodge. Seldom let a play get past him.

Nowlin.

Had ability on defense which would have put some one on the side lines had he not been slowed up by injuries.

Kloppenburg.

Played at guard and was a valuable man to rely on in time of need.

Posegate.

Wasn't short when it came to fighting. Played at guard.

Lerdall.

Played a good game at half and with Lloyd and Hoon at the ends the latter part of the season Thompson couldn't see why he should worry about opponents end runs.

Risley.

If Risley had been out before this year or even earlier this season he would have made some lineman work for a position.

Thompson (Coach).

Thompson, a former Drake track and football star came to us this year with a good reputation and has certainly lived up to it. He built up a good team under the handicap of lack of material and experienced players. Is popular with both students and players.

Ames 51—Nevada 0.

The team had little difficulty in piling up a large score on Nevada although it was played in a drizzling rain.

Ames 20—Newton 2.

A wet field and lack of team work accounts for the low score.

Ames 26—Perry 0.

This was the first game at home and on a dry field. Perry had a scrappy team but lacked the football ability.

Ames 0—Boone 0.

Played on a field so muddy it was next to impossible to make any progress. Pammel made a touchdown but it wasn't allowed.

Ames 14—Fort Dodge 26.

Although out played in the last three quarters Fort Dodge succeeded in getting the big end of the score.

Ames 7—Eagle Grove 13.

The team was defeated at Eagle Grove by an ineligible fake play, which resulted in a touchdown.

Ames 13—West Waterloo 0.

The cleanest and scrappiest bunch the team had met this season. West Waterloo was outplayed and beaten by our team.

Ames 6—Marshalltown 0.

Marshalltown had it doped out they would beat us at least thirty points and once again dope was all wrong. In a hard fought game they were defeated 6 to 0.

Ames 137—Opponents 41.

Only two teams crossed our goal line. Fort Dodge and Eagle Grove.

"A" Men.

Elliott, Anderson, Soper, Britten, Stewart, Hoon, Quade, Thuresson, Kloppenburg, Heater, Lerdall, Nowlin, Pammel.

THE FOOTBALL ALPHABET

- A stands for Anderson down the field with that ball
And no one fast enough to stop him at all
- B stands for Britten who puts up a fight
That helps make the final score look just right
- C stands for Caldwell the head of our teachers
Full as good a rooter as sits on the bleachers.
- D stands for Donald otherwise, "Soap"
Who is able with the fiercest opponents to cope.
- E stands for Elliot our captain so young
Whose remarkable deeds by the girls tongues are sung.
- F stands for football which we know how to play
And play harder and faster and better each day.
- G stands for the glory on Saturday night
After the boys have made a good fight.
- H stands for Hoon and Harry and Heater
Than whose playing there never was anything neater.
- I stands for industry at play or at work
Which none of our boys were e'er known to shirk.
- J stands for the joy which we felt on that day
When the Marshalltown boys went down in the fray.
- K stands for kick and the ball soars toward heaven
The score then from six is raised to seven.
- L stands for Lerdall who one more year will vie
With the hardest opponents of dear old Ames High.
- M stands for Marshalltown only beaten once before
But on coming to Ames they failed even to score.
- N stands for nerve and for Nowlin as well
The latter has the former as we can all tell.
- O stands for Our boys who deserve great fame
For the way they have labored in every game.
- P stands for Pammel, Posegate and pep
For which we all have a very good rep.
- Q stands for Quade a player of vim
There's no one I'm sure who could out play him.
- R stands for Ricketts, Riene and Roy
To the team they all are a source of great joy.
- S stands for Sloss who has helped win the games
Because of his pep and loyalty to Ames.
- T stands for Thompson our coach and our guide
Who in training our boys has taken great pride.
- U stands for us. We're right back of the boys
Gaining or losing we make lots of noise.
- V stands for victory which comes to the workers
Which goes to show that our boys are not shirkers.
- W stands for Walter who plays hard and steady
When there's work to be done he stands ever ready.
- X stands for Xerxes who led Persian hosts
And for Extra fine boys who make those goal posts.

Y stands for the yells which we shout o'er and o'er
And which we'll shout next year more and more.

Z stands for Zip, bang hip hip hooray
We won yesterday
We won again today
We'll win again next year
In every game we play.

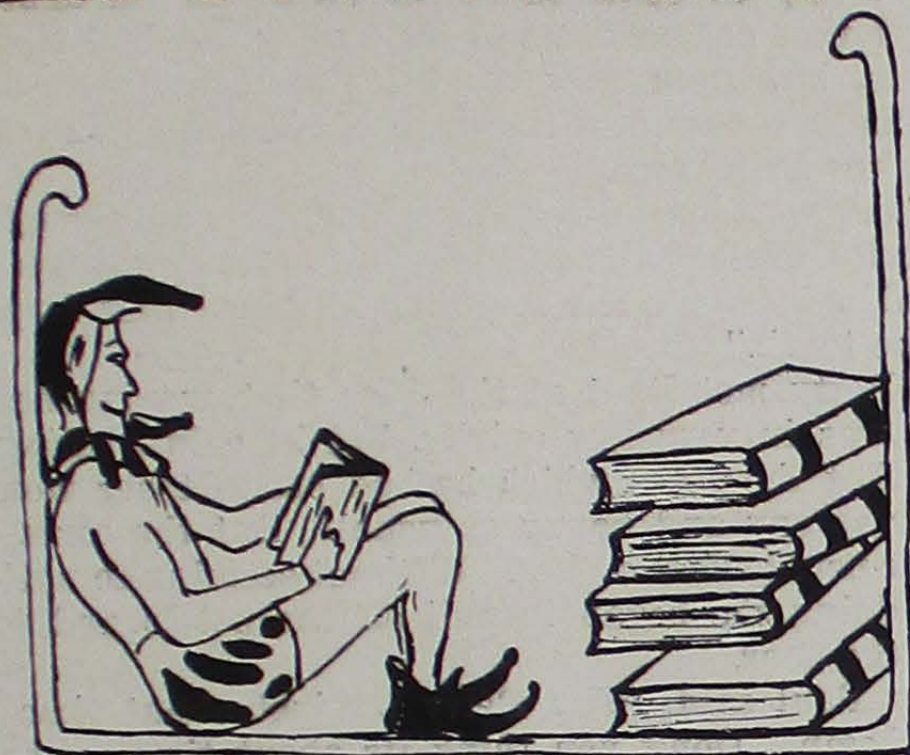
—Ruby Wasser '17.



COACH THOMPSON

To whom the Foot Ball Number of the Spirit is dedicated

LITERARY



ROSE PETALS

(a football story.)

"Say Betty have you heard what Paul St. Clair is up to now?"

"Why no, it isn't anything very bad is it Rupert?"

"Well, I think its about the worst thing a fellow can do. I don't like to tell you, but you know that girls now-a-days have to be mighty careful of their company. I thought if you knew that he was up to a dirty trick you wouldn't want to be seen with him again. You see——."

"Hurry up and tell me all about it Rupert. I'm in a hurry to get home tonight because Paul and I are going to the theatre."

"Well Betty to make a long story short, Paul St. Clair has been over to Village Creek spying on their football team. There is no doubt but what our team will win this last game, because if Paul gets the signals everything else will be dead easy. I think that when a fellow does a thing like that he is getting pretty low."

"Rupert Drake, that can't be true. Paul has only been out side of Oakland Valley once since he come here. No Rupert you can't make me think that he would stoop as low as that."

"Well Betty believe it or not. But my cousin goes to Village Creek high school and she said that Paul was over there last Saturday. He was hanging around the team as they were practicing and it certainly looks mighty suspicious to me."

"Well Rupert its hard to believe but it does look pretty bad for him," said Betty. And without another word she went up the walk to her home.

"Oh say Betty, if I were you I wouldn't say anything about this little talk of ours. I wouldn't want the fellows to think that I tried to get St. Clair in bad, you know." But Betty was gone and heard nothing of this last speech of Rupert's.

"There I've put a spoke in St. Clair's wheel," thought Rupert. Ever since that beggar came to the Valley I've had to play second fiddle, but from now on I'll play first." And Rupert Drake, Paul's enemy and the dude of the school sauntered up the walk towards home.

"I wonder why Paul did go to Village Creek," thought Betty as she sadly climbed the steps to her room. "I'll ask him to-night and if he won't tell me, then I'll know that Rupert was telling the truth."

When Betty met Paul at the door that evening he noticed that she was in very low spirits, but he said nothing for he thought that the roses which he had brought her would soon make her as gay and happy as usual. But the roses did not have their usual effect on her. Without seeming to notice what she was doing she began to pull off the petals and to throw them on the floor.

Finally Paul said, "Say Betty its just about time for the show to begin. Don't you think its about time we are starting."

"I don't believe I'll go tonight Paul," said Betty as she arose to put her flowers in a vase. "I don't feel like it."

"Come on Betty. This morning you wanted to go and now——"

"Well I've changed my mind since morning. I don't care to go."

"But Paul, where were you last Saturday?"

"Why, I went to Village Creek."

"We'll but what reason did you have for going?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Just went to make a little visit."

"Paul, I heard that you went there to spy on the football team. If this is so I don't believe I care to go with——"

"Betty Drew, stop right where you are. I thought you knew me better than that. You know very well that I wouldn't be a sneak. Do you think I want our team to win dishonestly? No, if we can't win without that, we had better lose."

"But Paul, if it wasn't for anything dishonest, why can't you tell me exactly why you went? Rupert must have some grounds for telling me what he did."

"Betty you know that Rupert dislikes me, and would tell anything to make me lose your friendship. But Betty its not true. When I went to Village Creek it was only on a visit. I didn't even go near the school so how could I get their football signals?"

"Say no more about it," said Betty. One thing sure, I'll not go to the game. I don't care to see our team win dishonorably.

"Well Betty, I'll not play in the game when I am thought to be a sneak and a spy," said Paul angrily. If the team wins it won't be with my help. I'm going now, as I don't suppose you care to have a sneak in your house." With this Paul strode out of the room and "banged" the door behind him.

The next morning, all the school knew that Paul St. Clair, their star football player had absolutely refused to play in the deciding game of the season. Why, no one knew. All they knew was that Paul had told Coach Brennen that he had decided not to play. Every one became discouraged and declared that it would be no use to play, because they would lose the last game and Village Creek would be champions of the state. The game was scheduled for that afternoon. What were they to do?

At two twenty that afternoon the teams came trotting out on the field, and at two thirty the game had begun. The Village Creek team was in good fighting condition, but Oakland was discouraged and did not play well. At the end of the first half the score was thirteen to nothing in favor of the visiting team.

Oakland Valley came off the field very discouraged and down hearted. They lay down under the grand stand and covered themselves with their blankets. Paul St. Clair was there too. The boys had persuaded him to put on his football clothes, so if he happened to change his mind he would be already to play. He was as discouraged as the rest but would not give in to play as long as Betty thought him a sneak.

As he lay under his blanket, a shower of rose petals fell down on him. Looking up he saw Betty peering down on him, and by the expression on her face, he knew that she believed him. With a smile and a nod to her he strolled over to the boys.

It was just about time for the last half and when he told the boys that he would play they cheered him and called him a fine fellow. They were all encouraged because they knew that now their team would win and they would have the honor of being champions of the state.

Paul went in and played his best. The team was so determined to win that they played better than they had ever played before. Village Creek was tired out and soon saw that there was no chance of them winning. At the end of the game the score was fourteen to thirteen in favor of Oakland Valley. Paul was the hero of the game, because all declared that, had it not been for him, Oakland Valley would have lost.

LOVE LAUGHS AT THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY

I had two reasons for asking J. Peter Dodds to dinner; one perfectly good reason and, well, I suppose you might call the other a perfectly bad one.

Mr. Dodds is Billy's boss, a very rich, very important and a very disagreeable old man. There was a dandy position in the firm that I wanted Billy to have, and I felt sure if J. Peter visited our cosy little home, and heard Sonny Bunch sing "Ock-a-bye," that Billy would surely get it. Now, my perfectly good reason was, that I really felt sorry for Mr. Dodds, he looked so lonesome.

When Billy came home to supper, I told him of my dinner plans, and that I was going to invite J. Peter.

"Sure you're going to have a dinner," he agreed rather feebly, "but Great Caesar's Ghost, why Peter Dodds?"

"I'm sorry for Peter, Billy, it must be awful to be rich, and so lonesome and disagreeable."

"I've got to beat it, 'Hon.'" said Billy, looking at his watch and grabbing his coat and hat at the same time. "Go to it, if there's anybody that can get next to the armor plate structure that takes the place of Dodd's heart, I'll wear, my hat wrong side out."

"Oh, Billy, I'm going to invite Allison and Jerry too," I cried after him.

They all accepted and the night before Christmas, I dragged Billy thru the house on a tour of inspection.

"Oh, Billy," I sighed, "If Jerry doesn't propose, and if J. Peter isn't impressed, it won't be my fault."

Next morning, Billy had started off to the station, and I was arranging roses in the cut glass vase, when I heard a series of bumps on the back stairs that sent me flying to the kitchen. In the center of the floor stood Martha, with hat and gloves in her hand.

"M-Martha, you aren't—you can't be going," I gasped.

"Shure, mim, un' if oi was a sthyan, wud oi be sthartin' f'r Oirlind in tin minites."

Martha's red-headed brother, Patrick, had chased a pig into a peat bog and broke his leg, Patrick's leg, I mean.

"Martha," I sighed, "the turkey, J. Peter Dodds!"

"If 'twas the prisidint, mim, 'twould be no different! legs is seriouiser thin turkeys, tho tis sorry oi im, mim, to be leavin' yez so."

I watched Martha as her form moved down the path, and just there the door opened, and Billy and my company came in. I greeted them as if nothing had happened, and as soon as possible, I asked Billy to excuse himself, and come into the kitchen.

When I got him there I nearly went into hysterics.

"Oh, why didn't I marry a man that could cook. Billy! Martha's gone and J. Peter Dodds!" But Billy didn't get angry, he just said, "I can cook, 'Hon', I'll just tell them all about it, and roll up my sleeves, and go to it."

So he squared his shoulders, and went to the living room door, and cheerfully said, "Folks we're in a funny fix, our maid has left, and Becky and I are not much at cooking, but will do the best we can."

"What fun," cried Allison, "coming right out to help, and Jerry, you can look on, and J. Peter, you mind Sonny Bunch."

How perfectly lovely Allison looked in her big blue apron, and J. Peter picked Sonny Bunch up, and we were all ready for work.

In two hours the turkey was roasting, and dinner nearly done. Billy and I went down stairs after some apples and nuts and when we came up I heard something awfully funny. Grabbing Billy by the arm, I said, "Billy Smith, don't you dare move until he has proposed."

"Oh, Allison, I didn't mean to tell you," he was saying, "but seeing you in that apron I just couldn't help it. It's just the way I've tried to imagine things, you and I in a little kitchen of our own, but I couldn't buy you nice dresses, and——." Then a soft rustle of skirts, and I heard her say, "Jerry, I prefer the aprons."

Remembering J. Peter Dodds, I said softly to Billy, "Come away." So we started around the house. Suddenly Billy paused and pointed his finger at something. There sat J. Peter Dodds, rocking Sonny Bunch and singing, "Sleep and Slumper."

I forgot that we were in front of Mrs. Van Dove's window, and I laid my cheek upon Billy's sleeve, and Billy——, well, I don't care if Mrs. Van Dove did see.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Alpha.

President—Hazel Kintzley.

Vice-president—Lura Gamble.

Secretary-treasurer—David Ghrist.

Program Committee—Vera Crosby, Enid Edwards, Myron Budd.

Omega.

President—Gladys Ricketts.

Vice-president—Harry Thuresson.

Secretary-treasurer—Harold Pammel.

Program Committee—Lawrence Murphy, Tom Sloss, Ruby Wasser.

Alpha Literary Society Program.

Piano solo—Theresa Judge.

"Thanksgiving"—Victor Beach.

Vocal solo—Katherine Dodds.

Male quartette—Chevalier Adams, Robert Potter, Manning Howell, Vaughn Hunter.

Reading—Fern Grover.

Girls Chorus—Katherine Allan, Inez Cretsinger, Edna Craun, Marie Judge, Dorothy Gruell, Harriet Kelso, Blanche Bentley, Dorothy Harriman.

Farce—"Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent". Mrs. Stubbins, Four O'clock Howard; David Stubbins, Myron Budd; Deacon Wheezy, Eldon Cox; Peleg P. Gelip, Donald Beam; Amelia Marryme, Caroline Adams.

Miss Boyd, Miss Clark and Mr. Pollard trained those who took part in this program.

Omega Literary Society Program.

The following program to be given by the Omega Literary Society on the seventeenth of December, is being trained by Miss Johnson and Miss Fickel, Mr. Pollard having charge of the music:

Piano solo—Doris Wilson.

Christmas in Other Lands—Ila Wilcox, Millie Lerdall, Marjorie Nichols, Evelyn Tripp, Dorothy Proctor, Mary McCarroll, Gladys Slingerland, Lillie Roberson, Clara Van Cleave.

Vocal duet.

Reading—Isabelle Valentine.

Piano solo—Lawrence Murphy.

Farce—"The Christmas Chime"—Douglas Waitley, Ruby Wasser, Francile Waitley, Lester Swearingen.

EXCHANGES

It is the desire of the exchange editor to make this department of the Spirit one of the most popular sections of the high school publication this year.

Through this department we also want help to make the Spirit one of the best high school papers in the state. Exchanges with other schools are desired, so that we may see what they are doing, to criticise and to be criticised. We want no praise unless we are really worthy of praise. We are glad to have defects in our paper pointed out to us, and we will try to profit by any criticisms, without feeling in the least offended.

"The Newtonia", Newton—You have a bright, interesting and well-balanced paper. Apparently you have spent much time together with hard work in getting up your publication.

Copies of the Iowa Alumnus have been received from the Alumni association of the State University at Iowa City.

"The Tatler," West Des Moines—You have good material in your paper. Some very good literary articles, but why not have an exchange department? Why do you lower the quality of your paper by interspersing your good reading material with advertisements?

Fort Dodge—We received word from you that ,with the exception of your annual, you have no high school paper. What is the matter? You are making a great mistake. A school of your size and apparent ability should by all means have a regular publication.

"The Oracle" from North High, Des Moines, is one of the best papers now in the hands of the exchange editor. Although published monthly there is an abundance of excellent literary work. Everything is written up in good shape. They, also, mix advertisements and high school news, of which the Spirit does not approve.

"The Pep" from Red Oak is also a very good little paper.

"Pebbles", the Marshalltown High School paper is an excellent little paper. Although fine in quality it is not as large as a school the size of Marshalltown should be able to produce.

Excellent papers have also been received from Perry, Iowa, and from Fairmont, Minn.

We give credit to the "Tatler" for the following hints to those who help to make the high school paper a success, in the following sarcasm.

1. When the Editor asks you to write a story, by all means, promise to do so. Promises cost you nothing, and the Editor loves a cheerful promiser.

2. Next, forget all about it. There is plenty of time.

3. Be sure not to begin too soon. You might get stale if you worked on it too much, and the story might lose spontaneity.

4. Wait until you feel like writing. When you get into the spirit of it, you will be able to dash off something that will do.

5. Find fault with the stories printed in the last issue, but be sure not to hand in any yourself.

6. Tell everybody that you can't write. They might never notice the fact, if you neglected to mention it.

7. It's time now to wish that you hadn't promised.

8. Tell the Editor you can't get the story done, that you can't write anyway, that he'd better ask someone else. This will tend to give the Editor a hopeful outlook.

9. Next, get sore about it. You have been imposed upon. Blame it upon the Editor. He's a crab. Tell your friends he's a crab. Whatever you do, don't neglect to blame the Editor for your predicament.

10. When, on the last day the Editor comes around for your story, explain to him sweetly just how busy you have been with other things. He'll see how it is. If he gets peevish, he's a crab. And don't fail to tell him about it.



ALUMNI.

OUR "DIGNIFIED" SENIORS OF LAST YEAR

Glen Carberry	University of Iowa
Joseph H. Carr	Iowa State College
Ella Clark	Iowa State College
Bessie Cretsinger	Iowa State College
Harold Culp	Iowa State College
Hazel Davis	At Home
Will Davis	Iowa State College
Mildred Dodds	Iowa State College
Reba Edwards	Iowa State College
Ole Fatland	University of Iowa
Willien Fish	Post Graduate A. H. S.
Naomi Gray	At Home
Byron Griffith	Iowa State College
Walter Harriman	Iowa State College
Vearl Heater	Iowa State College
Arthur Heggen	At Home
Albert Husted	Iowa State College
Mildred Huston	Iowa State College
Hazel Johnson	Teaching
Leonard Jacobson	Iowa State College
Charles Judge	At Home
Walter Judge	Iowa State College
Ruth Kelley	Post Graduate A. H. S.
Elizabeth Kooser	At Home
Hazel McCannon	Bookkeeper
Vance McCray	Iowa State College
Rhea McDowell	Iowa State College
Charles McGrath	Iowa State College
Hazel McQuillin	At Home

Alma Martin	Iowa State College
Paul Melick	Iowa State College
Ella Mellor	At Home
Bernis Meltzer	West Point
Verne Moses	Iowa State College
Severt Mathre	Iowa State College
Geddes Niles	Iowa State College
George Olsan	At Home
Jessie Powell	At Home
John Redditt	Poultry Dept. I. S. C.
Loney Raynes	Iowa State College
Bernice Ricketts	Iowa State College
Meryl Rutherford	At Home
Ralph Scoffield	Iowa State College
Florence Scott	Teaching
Cora Scott	Teaching
Leo Scott	Iowa State College
Garnet Searle	Iowa State College
Cora Sims	Bookkeeper at Times Office
Neta Snook	Iowa State College
Charles Snyder	Iowa State College
Dorothy Summers	At Home
Edith Sutter	Teaching
Anna Thon	Teaching
Clark Tilden	Iowa State College
Wm. Baily Waltmire	Iowa State College
Cora Willey	At Home
Glen Wilson	Beloit, Wisconsin
Judson Zentmire	Iowa State College

"Why do they call the second team scrubs?"

"Oh, they're supposed to clean up the regulars."

—"The Oracle".

A SENIOR'S RETROSPECTION

Four years ago I thought I knew I knew,

But now I must confess,

The more I know I know I know;

I know I know the less.

—"The Tatler."

Lives of seniors all remind us

We should try to do our best;

And departing leave behind us

Note books that will help the rest.

—"The Oracle."

Student: "What is a cafe de Luxe?"

Prof.: "About ten per cent cafe and ninety per cent looks."

—"The Oracle."

SENIOR CLASS REPORT

At a meeting of the Senior class in the Study Hall some time ago, the following officers were chosen:

President—Tom Sloss.

Vice-president—Roy Stewart.

Secretary-treasurer—Walter Kloppenburg.

There are two post-graduate students this year, Willien Fish and Ruth Kelley.

Nothing so far has been done by the Seniors except to select the class pins and rings. It is hoped that they will soon be here, so the Freshmen will be able to tell who the Seniors are.

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

A Junior class business meeting was held after school in the Study Hall, November 4th. Mr. Thompson presided and the following officers were elected:

President—Ruby Wasser.

Vice-president—Ted Russell.

Secretary—Lawrence Murphy.

Treasurer—Floyd Lerdall.

Class Reporter—Claude Scarborough.

The Juniors have been pretty quiet this semester, living up to the motto, "Work first, play afterwards," although we are hoping to "pull off" something "worth while" a little later in the year.

SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The Sophomore class was unable to organize until quite late this fall, due to the fact that the class members had not yet been published from the office. After the names were published, a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected:

President—Barclay Noble.

Vice-president—Mable Rodgers.

Secretary and treasurer—Theressa Judge.

Chairman of the Social Committee—Thomas Musson.

Reporter—Victor Beach.

Purple and old gold were chosen as class colors.

Later another meeting was called and a box social was decided on, the money paid for the boxes going towards clearing up the last year's debts.

On Friday evening, October 29th at 7:30 p. m. the social began in the high school gymnasium. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with purple and old gold streamers everywhere. A feature of the decorations was a large '18, formed by electric lights on a purple and gold back ground. Good games in which everybody was able to take part in, afforded amusement for everyone. After the fun the boxes full of good things were auctioned off. These boxes were done up very nice by the girls. The most amount paid for one box was \$2.25, but this

was an exception, most of the boxes auctioning at about 30c. Then the good things in the box were eaten by the girl who made the box and the boy who bought the box. After the feasting the party ended. Miss M. Sprague, Miss Coffee and Mr. Caldwell acted as chaperones. The party would have been very successful except for one thing, and that was that there were not very many boys there. In the Sophomore class there almost enough boys to beat the girls in attendance at parties and why can't they do it at the next party.

FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT

The Freshman class held a meeting in charge of Miss Gates, Wednesday evening, November 10, at 3:45. The following officers were elected:

President—Gifford Terry.

Vice-president—Virgil Warner.

Secretary and treasurer—Priscilla Dodds.

Reporter—Eleanor Murray.

It was decided to have a party at some future time. The meeting was then adjourned.

The Freshman class held a costume party Friday evening, December third, 1915, chaperoned by the freshman teachers and Mr. Caldwell. A prize was offered for the best boy's and the best girl's costume, Robert Potter dressed as a Chinaman received the boy's prize and Myrna Gray as a sunflower the girl's. The evening was spent in games. The boys and girls were divided equally among four of the teachers to decide on some stunt, Miss Livingston's group representing a circus received the prize. One of the most exciting events was a coacher race between Miss Turner and Miss Livingston, Miss Turner winning. She is sure "some cracker eater". Apples, doughnuts and pumpkin pie were served by the refreshment committee.

"JOY WEEK"

The community of Ames was inspired during the week, Nov. 14-19, by a series of lectures and discussions given by George Ellingwood Joy, a prominent authority on boy welfare. He has traveled and lectured in Europe and is now traveling in Nebraska and Iowa. His personality appeals to boys in a way that wins him to those with whom he comes in contact. He has a talent for music which stands him in good stead. That he won his way to the hearts of the Ames boys was shown, when a party of thirty-two motored to Nevada one evening to again be with him for a few hours of inspiration. The good which he does those with whom he deals is not to be measured by words.

Paul Potter '17.



Miss Ruby Wasser has spoken to the postoffice officials in regard to her mail which has been sent to 511 Kellogg instead of 823 Kellogg Ave.

(First Edition—Franklin Johnson: "Danf ich Herr Lerdall forstellen. Herr Clark, "Nein."

Revised Edition—Miss Johnson: "May I present Floyd Lerdall. Louis Clark, "No!"

Harold Crosby, in German: "Playing the game of going to Boston."

"Ich bin da, und ich bin kalt, warm, gut, and heilig."
"I am there and I am cold, warm, good and holy."

In Geometry.

Mr. Caldwell: "Louis you'll wear your collar button out, if you don't quit slidding up and down in your seat that way."

Miss Johnson, finding "Eating Utensils" in a German dictionary exclaimed: "Eating Utensils."

Student: "What's that?"

Miss Johnson: "I don't know, I never ate many of them."

"Overheard."

The Boy: "Itch liebe dich."

The Girl: "Itch—————ouch."

Limericks.

There was a young lady named Snook
Who was an experienced cook
She, the wienies could roast
And the marshmallows toast
Without even a recipe book.

Oh here's to our charming young Harry
Who looks and feels so contrary
For what shall he do
Choose the brown eyes or blue
It's making him very "Canary".

There was a young fellow named Jay
Who with Eagle Grove High School did play
There he met a young miss
Whom he left with a kiss
On that very memorable day.

There was a young lady named "Sary"
Who said she ne'er wanted to marry
But she liked the young men
And was jubilant when
By her side a "keen" one would tarry.

There was a young lady named Proctor
Whose father was an osteopath doctor
He could cure all our ills
Without powder or pills
This father of Dorothy Proctor.

That Reminds Me.

THAT Clarence Smith and some of his friends like to call
up all the girls in town on Sunday morning.

THAT leap year is about here.

THAT it was absolutely, "Compelletory" for Hester Crosby
to come to school early one morning.

Of "Buzz" Lang's pep at the football games.

THAT Vera Crosby asked Miss Clark if she had the six
weeks grades for this month averaged up yet.

THAT when a boy takes a girl into an ice cream parlor it
would be a good idea to have some money along.

Of the bright way some of the boys have of getting a car into
a garage during the "Wee Small Hours" of the morning with-
out rousing the rest of the family.

High school girl entertaining gentleman friend: "Wasn't it horrid when the lights went off last night?"

Small Sister (who has entered the room): "You should have heard what sister said, then."

Gentleman friend: "And what did sister say?"

Small Sister: "Oh, for a date!"

Miss Boyd (in Shorthand): "What kind of a circle is this?"
Vera Crosby: "A round circle."

Synopsis of Football Travalogues.

NEVADA—Roy Stewart: "There's the chair, theirs a window and you're 'Pecky'. What's the score?"

NEWTON—Harold Crosby: "How many girls can play football?"

BOONE—Thompson: "What makes this place seem so damp?"

EAGLE GROVE—Unknown: "All those who didn't have a girl please report for practice."

Kathryn Allen's Philosophy: "If the shoe fits get a size smaller."

AT A COLLEGE DANCE

Sophomore: "Your girl is a wonderful dancer but for two things."

Junior (elected at compliments paid his girl): "Yes I think so, too, but what are the two things?"

Sophomore (beating a hasty retreat): "Her feet."

Ambition.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are. —Judge.

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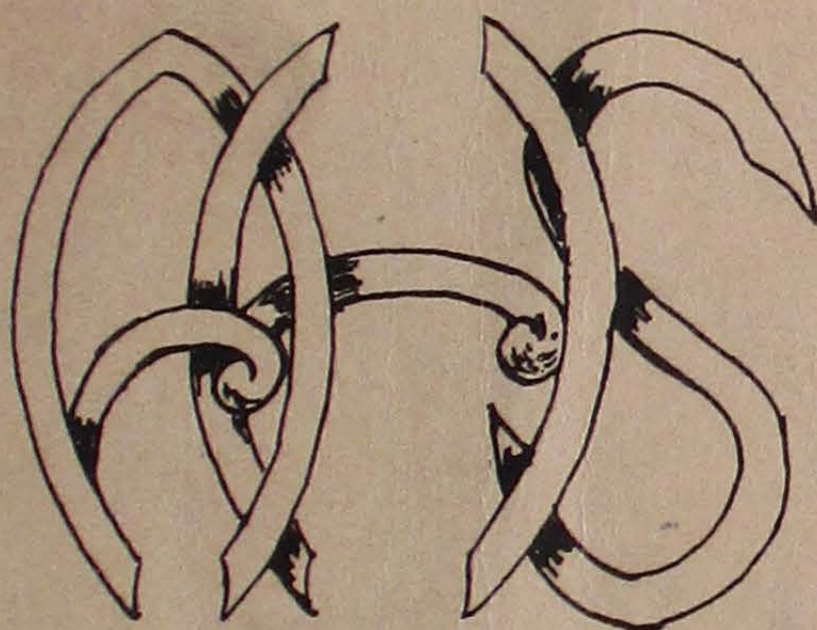
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THE FAIR

Ames, Iowa

THE SPIRIT



VOL. V

February 1916

No. 2

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THE SPIRIT

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Junior	- - - - -	Claude Scarborough
Sophomore	- - - - -	Victor Beach
Freshmen	- - - - -	Eleanor Murray

EDITORIAL

Again, we have started out on our new semester and everyone has determined to do better than they did last semester. We are glad to welcome the new students, and hope that they will enter at once into the high school life. However, there is one thing lacking this semester, as there was last, and that is class "pep". The Freshman and Sophomore classes are the only ones that have had anything going on at all. What's the matter with the Juniors and Seniors? Why don't they wake up? We, Seniors have only four months of school left, and we ought to be doing something worth while during our last days in Ames High. There are some that do not even know who belongs to the Senior class, so let's do something in the short time, which we have left.

We are going to start a new department in our next issue of the "Spirit". It is to be "Student Opinion" and all students who wish to write something about the different phases of the

school life may have this opportunity. There are a good many things that can be gained, by this if it is carried out the right way. We want, of course, the right kind of criticism, and also we want many opinions from the students of Ames High.

We are glad that many of the students have subscribed for the "Spirit", but it would please us more, if more students would subscribe. We do not want you to forget the Annual which will come out at the close of the school year. We want the help of all of the students and especially of the Seniors, to make this Annual the best of any which we have had. If the class of 1916 gets behind it and boosts as much as they can, we can make it a great success.

ATHLETICS

On December 10th the business men gave a banquet to the football squad. A bounteous dinner was served after which speeches were given by some of the men present. Professor Meeker acted as toastmaster and short talks were given by Mayor Sheldon, Coach Thompson, Supt. Hicks, Prin. Caldwell, Coach Mayser of I. S. C. and Mr. Hasbrouck.

After these nominations and votes were taken for captain, Rufus Hoon being honored with the captaincy of next year's eleven.

It is needless to say that the evening was enjoyed by all and we know the student body as well as the team join with us in thanking the business men for this banquet and the loyal support they have given the team throughout the season.

BASKETBALL

Under the supervision of Coach Thompson the class games have been arranged so that each team plays every other team twice instead of once as has always been done in the past. By so doing it gives the winning team a better claim to the championship and gives a better basis for ranking. A series was arranged for the second teams each team playing the other teams once. These games gave every body who had any ambition at all to play a chance to show their worth.

The object of these games is to get everyone interested in basketball as well as to give Coach Thompson a good chance for picking men for the squad which would be much more difficult with as large a number as would be out.

The games were played after school, ten cents admission being charged. Men who had a chance of making the first team were allowed to referee the games so as to become better acquainted with the rules.

Juniors 27—Freshmen 7.

This being the first game of the season it was rather poorly played. The Juniors having more experienced men and better basket shooters came off with the big end of the score. Lerdall and Waitley led the Juniors in scoring while Posegate made all but one of the Freshmen points. Before the game Lerdall

was chosen captain of the Junior team and Hess captain of the Freshman team.

Seniors 17—Sophomores 16.

In a rough and hard fought game the Seniors defeated the Sophomores 17 to 16. The teams took turns leading and who should the victor was always in doubt until the whistle blew. Both teams deserve credit for the fight they put up and the Sophomores for their team work. Budd of the Senior team helped the Sophomores considerably when he threw a basket for them by mistake but he redeemed himself later by making the winning points. McCarty led the Sophomores in scoring while Swearinger and Budd made the majority of the Senior points.

Sophomores 36—Juniors 29.

Stinging from their defeat by the Seniors the evening before the Sophomores came back and beat the Juniors 36 to 27 in a game that equalled the preceeding one in roughness and hard fighting. The Juniors strengthened in the second half and succeeded in making the score look respectable. The Sophomores greatest weakness was the making of fouls and Lerdall deserves credit for the number of fouls he shot. McCarty and Hammond were the mainstays of the Sophomore team.

Seniors 17.—Freshmen 6.

The Freshmen by playing a close guarding game held the Seniors to a 17 to 6 score. The Freshmen showed much more fight and better general playing than in their previous game with the Juniors. The basket shooting on both sides was poor and accounts for the low score. Captain Britton led his team in scoring, making eight points.

Seniors 29—Juniors 25.

The Seniors continued their winning streak and trimmed the Juniors 29 to 25. The Seniors got a big start on the Juniors and were leading by a good margin at the end of the first half. The Juniors came back strong again in the second half and had a three point lead on the Seniors up to the last three minutes of play but the Seniors took a basket shooting streak and won the game. Lerdall made 18 of the Juniors 25 points while Cox and Swearinger starred for the Seniors.

Sophomores 47—Freshmen 7.

The Sophomores had no trouble in beating the Freshmen, piling up a 47 to 7 score. This completed the first series of the first team games. The second team games were played next.

Second Team Games.

Seniors 11—Freshmen 4.

Although hard fought the basket shooting was poor and the score low. The Freshmen had no team work and the Seniors had only enough to win the game.

Sophomores 12—Juniors 10.

Displaying team work that offset the fighting of the Juniors the Sophomores won this game by a two point lead. Although they had many chances the Juniors were unable to get the ball through the basket.

Sophomores 14—Freshmen 3.

The Sophomores had no trouble in defeating the Freshmen. The Freshmen put up a scrappy fight at times but lacked the consistency to win.

Juniors 9—Seniors 7.

In a close and exciting game the Juniors beat the Seniors 9 to 7. McNeil made all of the points for the Seniors, the Juniors' points being made by different men.

Sophomores 14—Seniors 9.

In a well played game the Sophomores gave the Seniors their second defeat by the score of 14 to 9. Both teams showed an improvement in team work.

Juniors 8—Freshmen 5.

The Juniors playing a four man team the first half beat the Preps in a low scored game. Team work and basket shooting ability were lacking on both sides.

First Teams.

Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Anderson	Ricketts	Lerdall (c)	Cox
Rinehart	Innes (c)	Murphey	Pammel
Hays	Hammond	Waitley	Budd
Hess (c)	McCarty	Hoon	McNeil
Taylor	Watkins	Crosby	Stewart
Warner	Soper	Ewing	Swearingen
Posegate.....	Dvoracek	Flauher	Van Duzer
Terry			Britten (c)
Mattox			Kloppenburg

The standing of the teams to the second series was:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Seniors	3	0	1.000
Sophomores	2	1	.666
Juniors	1	2	.333
Freshmen	0	3	.000

Second Teams.

Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Nelson	Loughran	Deal	Likely
			Risley
Holdredge	Louvain	Dunkle	Thurreson
			McCarthy
Hubbart	Noble	Potter	Nowlin
Rinehart....	Dvoracek	Porties	Fairfield
Speers	Apland	Elliott	McNeil
Oliver	Beach	Mathre	Morris
		Kingkade	

Standing of Second Team.

	Won.	Lost	Per Ct.
Sophomores	3	0	1.000
Juniors	2	1	.666
Seniors	1	2	.333
Freshmen	0	3	.000

Second Series of First Team Games.

Seniors 55—Freshmen 15.

The Seniors took a "walk away" game from the Freshmen, 55 to 15. The Freshmen played a fairly good game the first half, but went to pieces in the latter part of the game. This was the Freshmen's fourth straight defeat and the fourth victory for the Seniors.

Sophomores 20—Juniors 17.

Although they obtained an early lead the Juniors were unable to keep at it and lost to the Sophomores. The game was free from the great number of fouls that had characterized the previous games. Lerdall made most of the Junior points. McCarthy and Hammond played a good game for the Sophomores, while the playing of both teams showed an improvement over the games of the first series.

Sophomores 36—Freshmen 15.

With two of their regular players out of the line up the Sophs. beat the Freshies. The Freshmen fought hard but lacked the experience of the Sophomores. Dvoracek made most of the Sophomore points.

Seniors 26—Juniors 7.

In a hard fought game the Seniors defeated the Juniors 26 to 7. The Juniors were unable to get the ball through the ring, although they had many chances. Stewart played a good game for the Seniors, getting five baskets.

Juniors 31—Freshmen 11.

The Juniors had a hard time beating the Freshies, which made their sixth consecutive defeat. Had they beat the Juniors it would have made a tie between the two for bottom place. Lerdall scored the most points for the Juniors. This was the last game for these teams.

Seniors 26—Sophs 15.

The series came to an end with a game that was to show whether the Seniors were to have the championship without further battle or whether the Sophs would beat them and get a chance at first place. The Seniors got an early lead and the game wasn't as close as was anticipated. Pammel ran into the wall the early part of the game and had to retire. The Seniors ran out of substitutes and played a four-man team the last few minutes of play. Cox starred for the Seniors and Hammond for the Sophs. This game brought the class series to an end, which was a success from every point of view. The games were hard fought and though a few were a little rough, caused no hard feeling between players. The final standing of the teams is as follows:

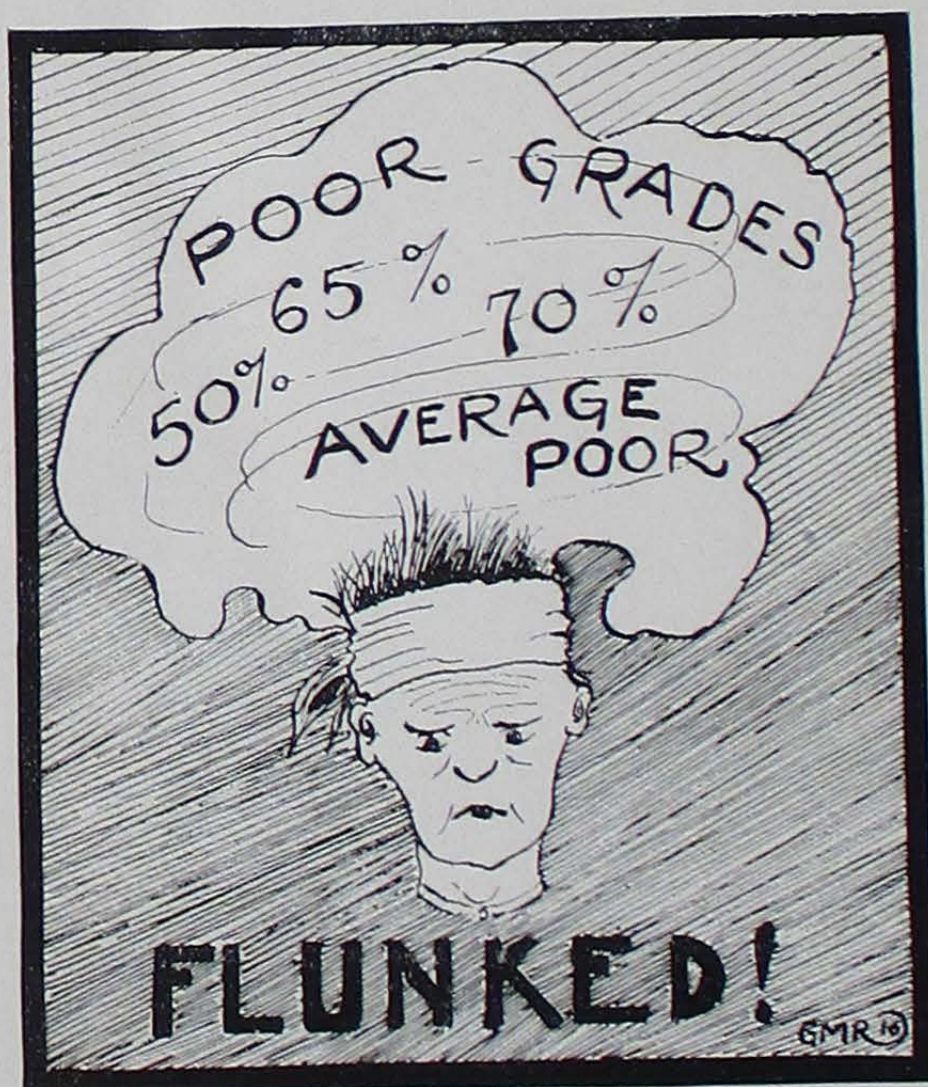
	Won.	Lost	Per Ct.
Seniors	6	0	1.000
Sophomores	4	2	.666
Juniors	2	4	.333
Freshmen	0	6	.000

Marshalltown 49—Ames 17.

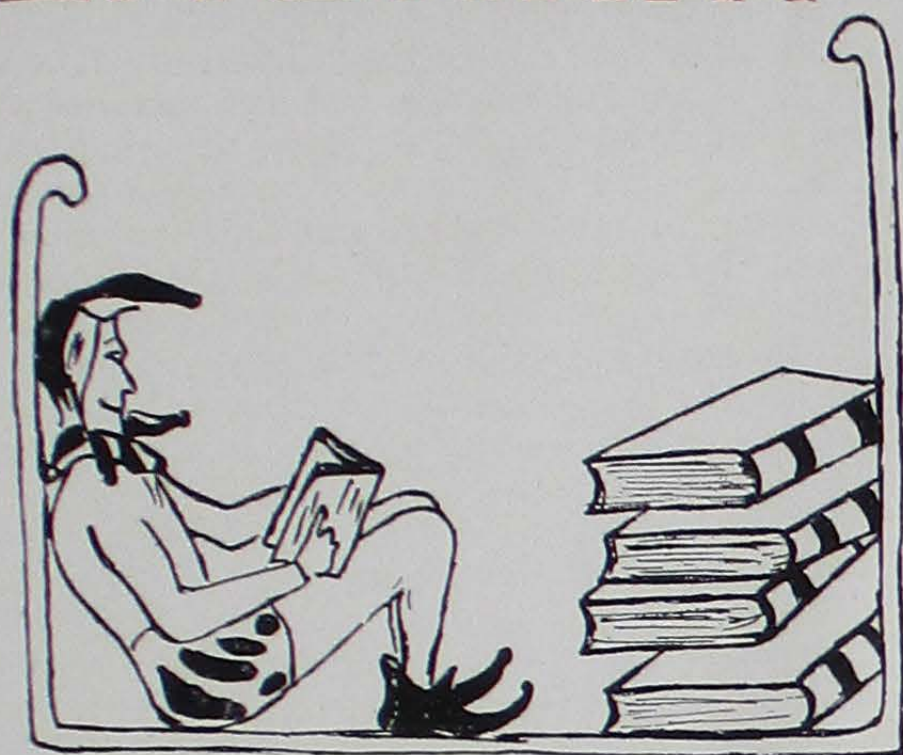
The team work and basket shooting ability of Marshalltown proved too much and they beat our team by a rather one-sided score. The common weaknesses of our team were lack of team work and inability to spread when we had the ball. Weight and experience were also in favor of Marshalltown. The slipperiness of the floor slowed up both teams. Packer, the Marshalltown center, played an exceptionally good game. A return game is to be played at Marshalltown and with an improvement in team work the team ought to make a better showing. The game was played at the Armory and a good crowd was there to root for Ames. The line up was:

Ames.	G.	F.T.	Marshalltown	G.	F.T.
Murphy, c.....	1	0	Packer, c.....	9	0
Swearingen, c.....	2	0	Boardman, l. f.....	8	7
McCarty, l. f.....	3	0	Smith, r. f.....	4	0
Lerdall, l. g.....	0	5	Hurlburt, l. g.....	0	0
Hoon, l. g.....	0	0	Ward, r. g.....	0	0
Pammel, r. g.....	0	0			
Britten, l. g.....	0	0			
Innes, l. f.....	0	0			
Cox, r. g.....	0	0			

Referee—Linden, of I. S. C.



LITERARY



NEGLECT TAKES A TURN

"Oh, I'd rather be an old maid forever, if I could live alone, than marry a man like daddy, he is as good a man as ever lived but he just seems to have to smoke one into a herring or break one's back picking up the things he leaves around."

Dave Shannon had just left the room, the smoke was so thick that Ella could scarcely get her breath although she managed to break forth with this expostulation. Dave was an honest, upright man, but one of the most absent minded men living. When he entered the house, that had just been scrubbed and dusted until it shone, the first thing he would do was to take off coat, cap and mittens and throw them in a corner of the kitchen, after just having passed the cloak room. He would then walk across the room to the stove, leaving a row of big, muddy tracks behind him, before taking off his overshoes. He would light his pipe, pull his chair out in the center of the room and with the Daily Republican in his hands, he would read all the political news of the land, saying between puffs, that there isn't a paper in the Union that is fit to be read.

Ella busied herself by wiping up the muddy tracks, when this was finished and Dave outside, the house was opened for an airing. Then she sat down and busied her fingers with crocheting.

"This house is too large for just Daddy and I and it takes every spare minute I have to keep it up in shape. How Mrs. Toby can do so much fancy work is more than I can see. And oh! If I only had time to learn to paint."

Mrs. Toby, living just a little way down the road, sat in a

chair which had not been dusted for a fortnight, singing and crocheting as happily as could be. She was disturbed by a rap at the door. Slowly she got up and strolled toward the open vacancy in the south side of the house, and it surely was open, for she never could see the use of a screen. Flies didn't bother one of her calm character. When she reached the door she met a figure strange to her, and she scanned him anxiously.

"Good afternoon, Madame, I have been strolling over your place for some time and have become quite interested in the location. I am out on my vacation and for recreation. I am painting scenes. I have not yet found a lodging place and am in search of it. Could you give me, or rather favor me, with the accommodations for a period of two weeks?"

Mrs. Toby thought it over and was almost ready to assent, when she thought perhaps he would like cake and pie, and that was too much trouble for her.

"Well, now," she began, "I am glad you like the place, but I do not have the room. Perhaps you can find it in the first house west."

He was not much disappointed, because she wasn't such a lovable old character, and he certainly did not favor the darkened apron, because he imagined it had once been white, but he thanked her quietly and continued his strolling.

He was aroused from his dreaming by the sound of a bird, and in a few minutes he seemed as enraptured as the little yellow thing that drew his attention to the beauty of the surroundings. It seemed to call to him that these woods were beautiful. His artist's eye was not slow in the response to the little bird's notice, and he felt he could just stay in these woods forever. Suddenly he broke from his thoughts and went back to his reply from Mrs. Toby.

"Where is that first house west?" As he turned he saw a large house that seemed to afford all the room that one of even greater elaboration than himself could ask.

Ella had brightened with the day and was singing a happy little song as lightly as a bird. She was not at all spinster-like in appearance as our first introduction might have made her seem. Her dark blue eyes beamed contestingly with the roses in her cheeks, which seemed hiding behind the freckles. Her black curly hair brought back in a single knot, helped to bring out the sweet simplicity of her character.

As she raised her eyes after a critical examination of her work, she saw a tall, broadshouldered man looking through the glass door as he approached.

She arose and spoke to him as cordially as she could under her embarrassment. Laughing, he said:

"I am looking for a boarding and rooming place, could I stay here for awhile?"

"You will have to ask father, but please come in until he gets home. I must work in the kitchen, but you may read the paper if you wish."

"Thank you, I am an artist and expect to do some work in your woods."

"Oh, do you paint? I love pictures, but have never had time to paint."

"You may see some of my pictures when I am working, if you wish."

* * * * *

Three weeks still found Mr. Hildred working at his easel in the woods. He was very often accompanied by Ella, who was fast learning to make pretty things on canvas. Her house was not so spotlessly clean as before, but it had ceased to worry her as much as it had formerly.

The intimacy between the two grew faster than the pictures and even Daddy had begun to worry about the work.

One evening as Ella ran into the kitchen she did not notice that her father was hanging up his own hat. She threw her arms about his neck, saying:

"Oh, Daddy, I've a great big secret to surprise you with."

"You don't need to tell it, baby. I know what it is and I'd never put half a straw in your way."

"But Daddy, can you get along without me?"

"I guess so, honey, didn't you just see me hanging up my own hat?"

ALPHA LITERARY PROGRAM

A program was given Friday, Jan. 28th, by the Alpha Literary Society. It was styled in the fashion of a magazine. The name of the magazine being, "Quid vis," and the publication the February number. The numbers were not read, but were indexed on the chart. The program was as follows:

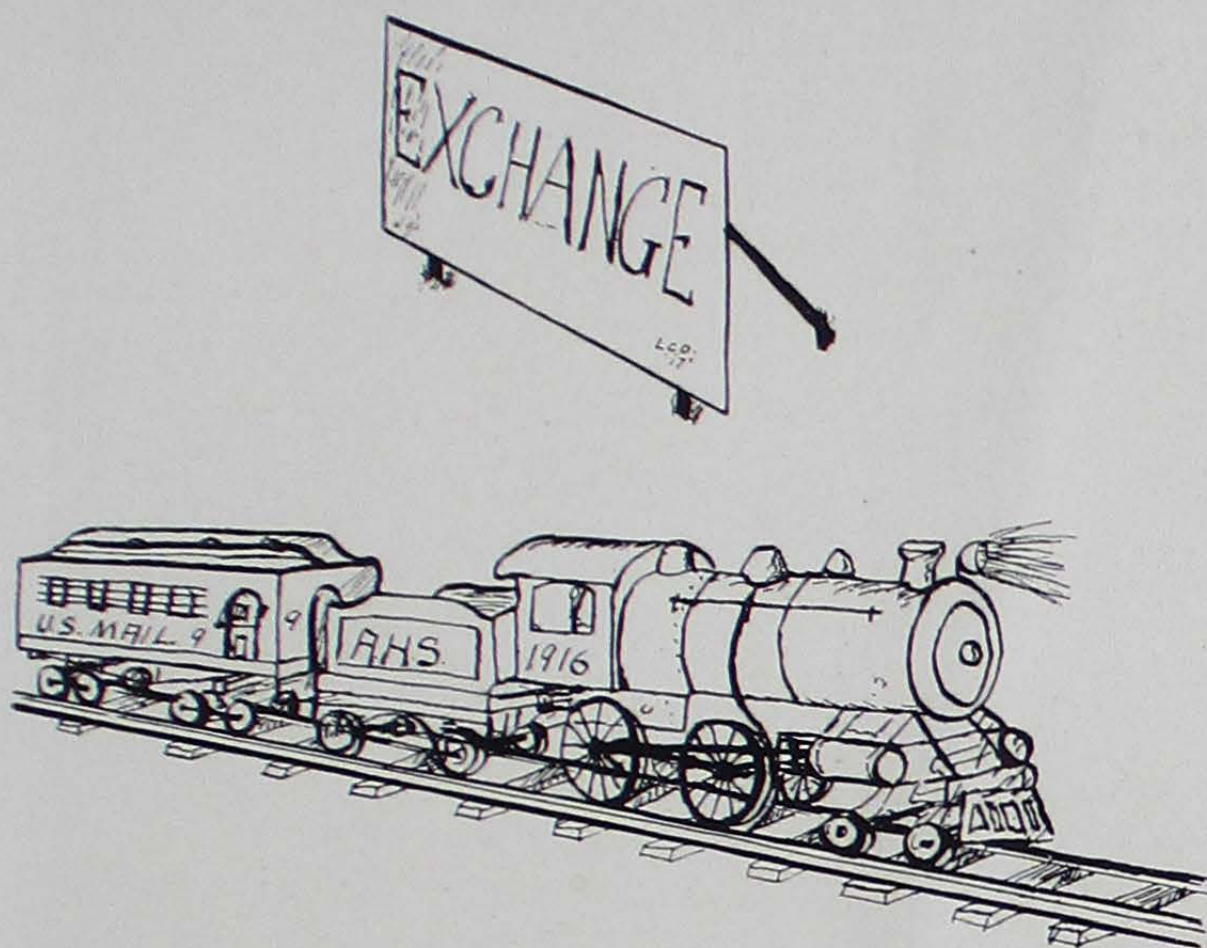
1. Cover Design—A Modern Cupid.....Roberta Thompson
2. Editorial—Origin, Customs of St. Valentine's Day.....
.....Harvey Fitch
3. Joke DepartmentJoe Anderson
4. StoryHelen Curtis
5. Vocal SoloMyrtle Hall
6. Original Poem—"Hits On the School"....Pearl Cameron
7. Helpful HintsJessie Brooks
8. Fashions:
 Nellie GuiseStreet Costume
 David GhristStreet Costume
 Leah BakerAfternoon Gown
 Arthur JudgeBusiness Suit
 Rozella CarberryEvening Dress
 Lewis ClarkEvening Costume
 Dorothy BowdishHouse Maid
9. Instrumental SoloEnid Edwards
10. Home Department:
 (a) Decorative Art in the Home.....Ethel Craig
 (b) Favorite RecipesWill Heater
11. Advertisements:
 1. David BappeCream of Wheat
 2. Katherine AllanDutch Cleanser

3. Frank Coulter, Cecil HamZu Zu
 4. Marguerite KirkhamBaker's Chocolate
 5. Harold Kooser, Ronald Kooser.....Uneeda Biscuit
 12. 12. Flossie Fisher's Funnies:
 - (a) A Model Gym Class.
 Pearl Apland, teacher.
 Gladys Irwin.
 Fannie Dixson.
 - (b) A Drop From the Sky:
 Carnie Dunkle.
 - (c) A Football Man's Dinner:
 Dwight Britten.
 Frank Coulter.
-

In our last literary program we heard that we all lack "pep." Now let's all show that we can profit by good advice and show "pep" in the Declamatory Contest. Pep has shown up well in athletics and there is no reason why we should let it die down when it comes to literary development. There isn't a person in Ames High School that cannot reap benefits from a good contest. It is the person who isn't afraid to do things that makes a mark in this world. You may do wonderful things in athletics or other lines, but if you lack the ability to tell it, no one would know it, and there is no fun in doing a thing and keeping it all to yourself. Ames High is proud of her good representation in college graduates. They have all had to specialize in some subject and when they do they will find that there isn't a single profession that will not be greatly bettered by public speaking. It is a training that will make one heard among his fellow men all through life. Small high schools that can graduate only eight students a year, can win out in the State Contest and why, with all the material Ames has can she not make a good showing? The person who can do work in this line should come out and uphold the school and the one who says he can't, is the one who sorely needs the training. This contest offers training in humor, dramatics and oratory. And back of all this training, prizes are to be offered and I am safe in saying that there isn't one of us who would not be overjoyed to receive a prize.

You can lead a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink;
 You can lead a Soph to geom'try
 But you cannot make him think.

I High, Independence.



The Exchange Department has received many interesting exchanges since the publication of our last "Spirit." We are impressed with the quality and quantity of material in most of the high school publications.

A few schools of a smaller attendance than at Ames, publish a better paper than our own, while others of a larger attendance than that of our school do not succeed in equaling our publication. On the whole, according to the opinion of the exchange editor, the Ames High Spirit has about an average standing with the other school papers.

But are we satisfied with this. Why not make the Spirit one of the best papers in the state, regardless of size? We *can* do it. Will we do it?

One function of the exchange department is to exchange jokes that are especially good with other high school papers. And so, instead of criticising other papers for what they do or do not do, we will give them credit for, and submit to Spirit readers a few of the best of their original poems and jokes

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Freshman: "I have heard of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but what in thunder is a Nut Sundae?"

Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.

Freshmen are green,
Seniors are gray,
'Tis simply the green grass,
Turned to hay.

—Newtonia.

Teacher: "What are the three words used the most?"

Senior: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

Blue and White, Perry.

First Senior: "I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German guns have been found there."

Second Senior: "Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The Geography says it's a low lying country."

Spectator, West Waterloo.

DEUTSCHE KULTUR.

Er ist ein kleine Knabe

In der Universitat;

Er ist ein gruner Frischman,

Und er kommt herein sehr spat;

Er weiss nicht viel zu redder,

Und immer was er spricht

Ist immer nur dasselbe—

Ist nur—"Ich weiss es nicht."

—The Green Gander.

Physics Prof.: "What is the unit of power in the c. g. s. system?"

Sleepy Senior: "What?"

Prof.: "Correct."

—Pebbles, Marshalltown...

First Junior: "Have you ever taken chloroform?"

Second Same: "No, who teaches it?"

—Sisseton.

Mr. Brown: "John, what is this '60' on your report card?"

Son John: "I think that is the temperature of the school room."

—Newtonia.

Cutting up.

A-cting smart.

N-ever studying.

N-ight strolling.

E-ver-lasting whispering.

D-arn the luck.

—Sisseton.

"Here's to the Faculty, long may they live,
Even as long as the lessons they give."

—Newtonia.

ALUMNI NOTES

Y. B. Li, '12, has recently finished his course at I. S. C. and will enter Cornell University to take post graduate work in horticulture.

Karl Clark '13, has gone East for a two months' trip in New England and New York.

Laura Johnson '13, was recently married to J. C. Tallman, a senior at I. S. C.

Jennings Bauge '08, has moved from the country and is living temporarily with his father.

Ruth Kelly '15, was recently married.

Lizette Meltzer '14, is entering college next semester.

Anita Meltzer '12, graduated from Cedar Falls at the close of the winter semester and is teaching.

Among the graduates of A. H. S. who are teaching Home Economics we find Luella Madson '11, at Alton; Clara Shinkle '11, at Anamosa; Edith Cole at Rockwell City; Hermine Knapp '09, at Menominee, Wis.; Doris Pammel '11, at Wapello; Nellie Noble at Orange City; Laura Jones at Mondamin; Gertrude Sunderlin '13, at Marathon; Jennie Mitchell '09, in the Guthrie County High School at Panora; Leona King '11, at Goldfield; Mabel Kingsbury at Dallas Center; Maude Campbell at Cresco, and Florence Holm at Brooklyn.

Florence Willey '10, is teaching Agriculture in the Red C High School; Elizabeth Canady '11, is teaching German and English in the same High School.

Frank Beach '11, is doing extension work at Purdue University.

Merill Manning '08, is at Harvard, taking work in the Department of Business Administration.

Edna Pammel '06, is teaching in the Crookston, Minn., High School.

Loyal Thomas '14, plays on the varsity at I. S. C. "Mick" Dreibeblis, who was on the Reserves last year, has not been in school this semester, but will enter again next semester.

THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

"He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
With the skin he made him mittens;
Made them with the fur-side inside,
Made them with the skin-side outside,
He to get the warm side inside.
Put the inside skin-side outside,
Put the warm side fur-side inside,
That's why he put the fur-side inside;
Why he put the skin-side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside."

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

Semester grades were received and all have resolved to do better next time.

At our last literary program Walter Harriman, Leonard Jacobson, Walter Judge, Judson Zentmire, Ella Mellor and Hazel McQuillan, of the class of '15, were present.

Paul Hammond was sick last week.

Mrs. Sue Knudson White and Mrs. Estelle Bray-Kerrigan visited the High School one afternoon last term.

Josephine Wilkinson was in Des Moines last Monday.

The Freshman class are planning a bob party for the near future.

We had a fashion show all our own last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Edna McIntosh Lyman was with us a day or so last week.

The Seniors are showing the same old "pep" that has characterized that class for the last three years.

The German Club meets Thursday evening, at the High School.

We are glad that Mr. Hicks is back after his several weeks' illness.

There are many ups and downs in life, mostly downs, this slippery weather.

Mabel Dobbe spent the week between semesters at her home in Huxley.

We lost several of the students at the end of this semester.

Clarence Smith, Walter Kloppenburg and Raymond Langland finished their courses.

Four O'clock Howard and Gladys Greenley have moved away.

Ruth Kelley '15, was married to Ora Elding in January.

Arthur Nelson is working.

Mary Cowdrey and Tressa Hallowell will stay at home this semester.

Berenice Eller and Marie Graeber have been forced to leave school on account of ill health.

We are glad to welcome several new pupils, Harold Ellsburg, Ralph Ross, Charlie Nowlin, Lydia Taylor, Jim Conroy, Louis Gray, Constance Knipe and McKinley Steigerwalt have recently entered school.

Our present enrollment is 385 with a membership of 351.

In writing this we must not forget to state that we have lessons every day. We were afraid the readers might lose sight of the fact.

Leonard Jacobsen '15, was a visitor, Tuesday.

Little beams of moonshine,
Little hugs and kisses,
Make a little girlie
Change her name to Mrs.



Lura Gamble (translating in German): "Twelve men sat in their shirtsleeves."

Ask Kathryn Allen and Mildred Minkler how to make the titles of the songs in Assembly interesting.

Sunday School Teacher: "Who was Jonah?"

Vera Crosby: "Oh, he was the man that swallowed a whale."

Found—Several perfectly good pens, "picked" up in Study Hall. Owners may have the same by identifying the lost articles.—Dale McCarty, Lester Swearingen.

Mr. Thompson: "What is spouse?"

Bill Van Duzer: "Spouse is an adverb."

Mr. Thompson: "Jay, what have you for the fourth definition?"

Jay: "Heir."

Mr. T.: "That seems to be what most of you have."

Wanted—A mouse trap to carry in my book.—Geraldine Pratt.

Francile (absent mindedly, as she picked up her muff): "Oh, here's my Murph."

Bill McClure has a private rolly coaster on Duff hill.

Mr. Caldwell: "One inch is 1-12 of a foot. But all feet are the same size."

Two Junior girls, when walking home from town one Saturday evening, were pursued by two men. On attempting to hurry around an icy corner, one of the girls slipped and fell into the power of the villains. These men, however, having only friendly intentions, escorted she and her friend to their homes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Information on how to keep the feet comfortable and beautiful.—Consultation free.—William Ricketts.

Cooking School every Sunday evening.—Neva Snook.

Wanted—Housekeeper, medium height, curly hair, blue eyes and small feet.—Joe Anderson.

Instruction on how to slide down bannisters gracefully.—Enid Edwards.

Miss Coskery in Eng. 5: "The house where he was born is standing, still." (How queer.)

Miss Coskery (speaking to Frank Coulter in Eng. 5): "Will Frank please give *her* sentence again?"

Miss Sprague: "Are you going to let that mule do just as he pleases? Where's your will power?"

Sam M.: "My will power's all right; you just come out here and measure up this mule's *won't* power."

"What kind of a girl is Catherine?"

"One of those kind who are moved to tears when they see old horses when they are overloaded, and who stand on the bleachers and wave banners and yell when they see a football player smashed into a pulp on the glorious field."

Miss Johnson: "Now, give me an example of the Dative."

Bill Heater (with his mind elsewhere): "I will meet you at 8 o'clock."

Harold Crosby: "Miss Coskery, are the Sandwich Islands beef or ham?"

CHIEF OCCUPATIONS.

Geraldine Pratt—talking.
Vera Crosby—grinning.
Isabel Valentine—posing.
Joe Anderson—joking.
"Buzz" Lang—flirting.
Bill Ricketts—sitting around.
Doris Wilson—studying.
Donald Soper—visiting Gus Martin's.
Florence Snook—looking nice.
Rufus Hoon—making grammatical errors.
Lawrence Murphy—getting "Tiny."
Ada Meltzer—singing.
Douglas Waitly—acting cute.
Dale McCarty—trusting to luck to get his lesson.
Sarah McElyea—attending the Princess.
Harold Crosby—dolling up.
Neva Snook—staying in the kitchen.
Tom Sloss—saying, "Come on out Nev."
Mary McCarroll—wishing for curly hair.
Julia Arrsmith and Edna Craun—picking up college students.
Louis Clark—using his eyes.
Ruth Philo—loving her teacher.
Our Teacher—marking down the zeros.

(In German): Miss Johnson: "Floyd, give me the word for advise."

Floyd Lerdall: "Moneo."

Gladys R.: "Oh, Sal, have you heard the latest?"

Sal: "No, what is it?"

Gladys: "It isn't out yet."

IF OUR HIGH SCHOOL HAD A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER PERSONAL.

Tom Sloss visited in town Sunday evening.

Lucile Lang has been arrested several times and confined in the office on the charge of chewing gum.

Dale McCarty, Lester Swearingen, Joe Anderson and Bill Ricketts have spent the last few Sundays in their homes, in place of taking the accustomed Boone trip.

Vera Crosby attempted to skip town the other day, but was captured by a friend, on the railroad track leading to Nevada.

A few of our girls spent Sunday in the neighboring city of Ontraio. They had a very delightful time and surprised many of their Ames friends by postal cards.

Lady (entering drug store): "Are you the clerk? How young you look! Have you a diploma?"

Will Clark: "No, we're out, but we have a prescription of our own which is just as good."

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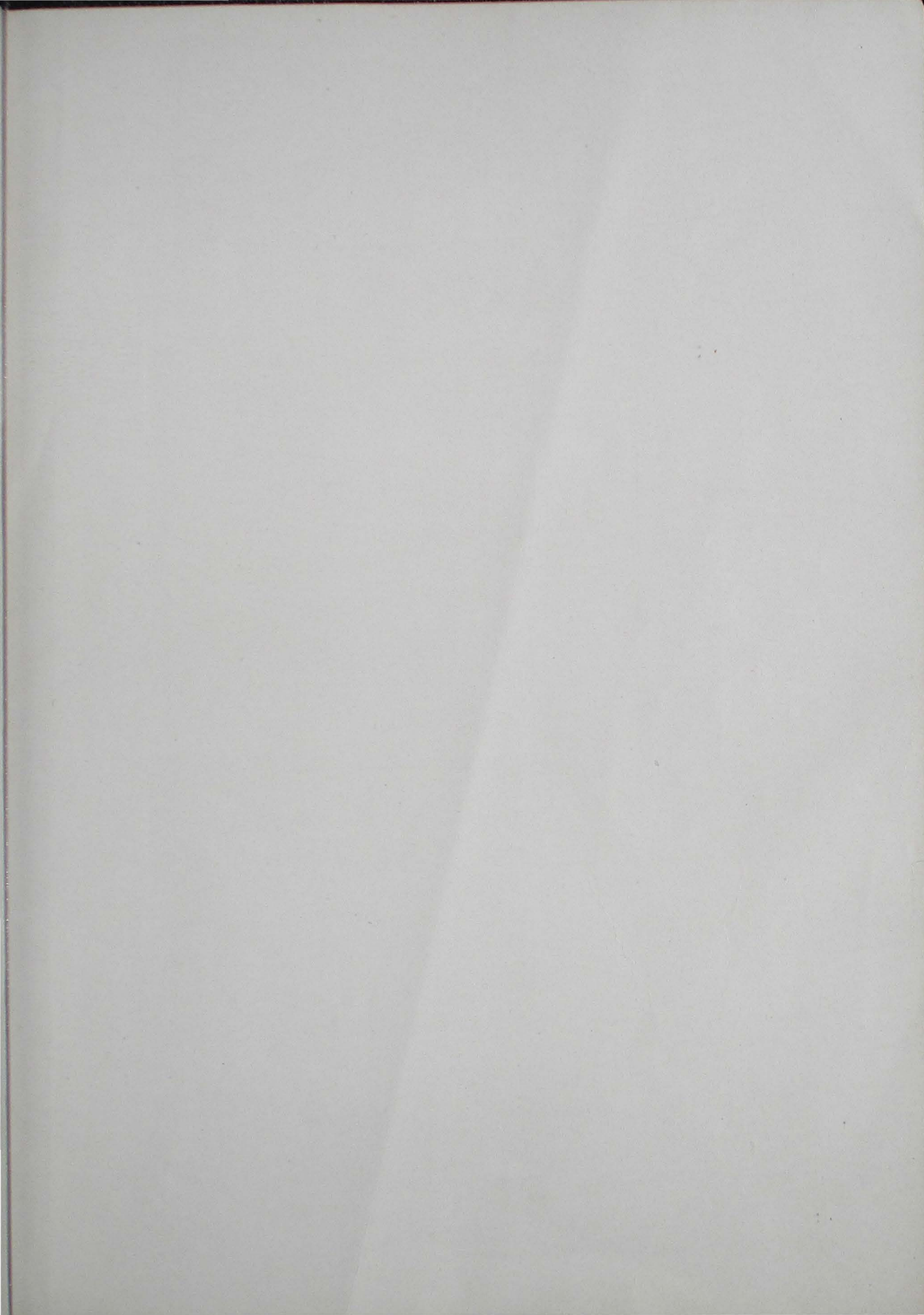
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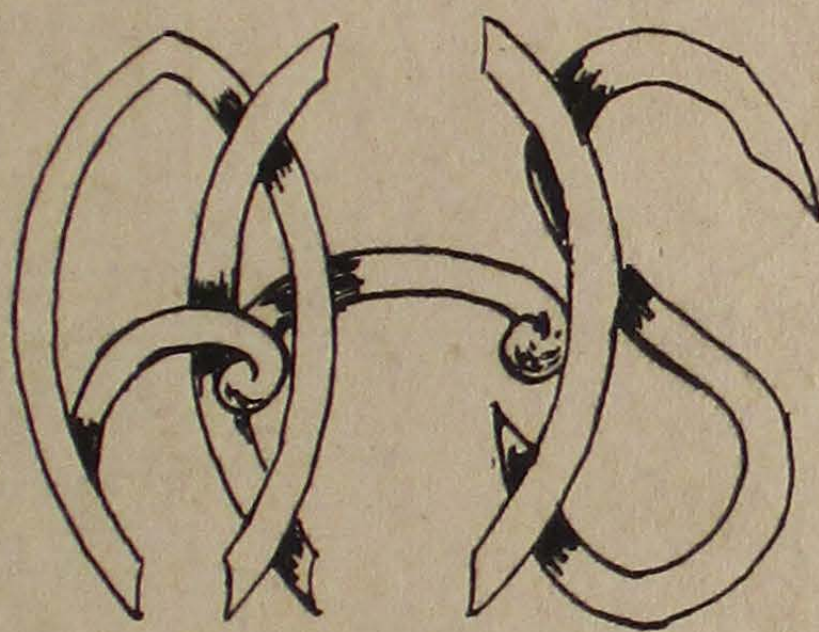
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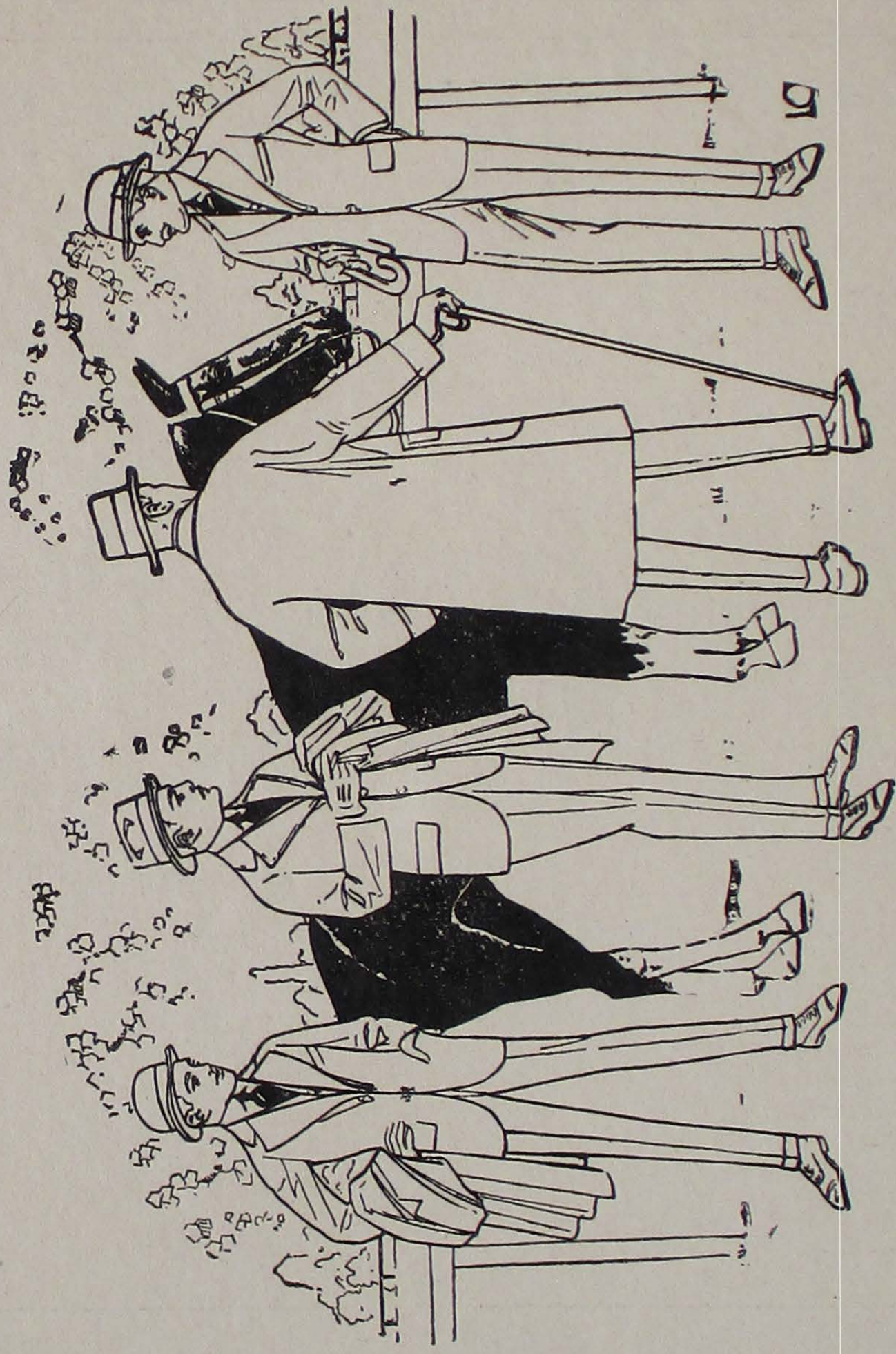
THE SPIRIT



VOL. V

March 1916

No. 3



For Better Clothes, THE TILDEN STORE

THE SPIRIT

VOL 5.

MARCH, 1916

NO. 3.

Published four times a year by students in the interests of
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50 cents a year.

15 cents a single copy.

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Assistant Editor	- - - - -	Caroline Adams
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Athletic	- - - - -	Harold Crosby
Exchange	- - - - -	Wallace Longworth
Jokes	- - - - -	Ruby Wasser
Art	- - - - -	Leonard Deal and Gerard Kayness

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Senior	- - - - -	Edith McDowell
Junior	- - - - -	Claude Scarborough
Sophomore	- - - - -	Victor Beach
Freshmen	- - - - -	Eleanor Murray

EDITORIAL

Spring is here! Some have already shown signs of that terrible disease which sweeps over the country during the months of March, April and May, known the world over as Spring Fever. There is a tendency for some to quit school, when the robin, swinging on the top-most branch of the tree, sings his sweetest song. Cheer up, for there are only two more months of school and then one shall have the whole summer to dream. Don't be a "quitter."

—o—

The students of Ames High have not shown any particular interest in helping us to secure more jokes for our paper. Lots of funny incidents happen every day in your classes. In order to get some of these incidents, we are going to re-establish the Joke Box in the Study Hall. Write them on a slip of paper and drop them in. It would take but a moment, and it will help us very much. Don't find fault with the joke department if you haven't helped to make it better.

We are now starting the work on the Annual, and we want the co-operation of everyone in Ames High, especially the Seniors. Don't forget to have your picture taken during the spring vacation. If anyone has any snapshots which we could use will you please hand them to the editor. Everyone work together and boost for the best Annual that Ames High has ever had.

Y. M. C. A.

Object: To create, maintain and extend throughout the high school a strong high moral sentiment; to bring students into a personal relation to Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour and Friend; to build them up in Christian character, and to lead them to affiliate themselves with some branch of the Christian Church.

CABINET

James Likely, president.

Roy Stewart, vice president.

Paul Potter, secretary.

Quentin Fernandez, treasurer.

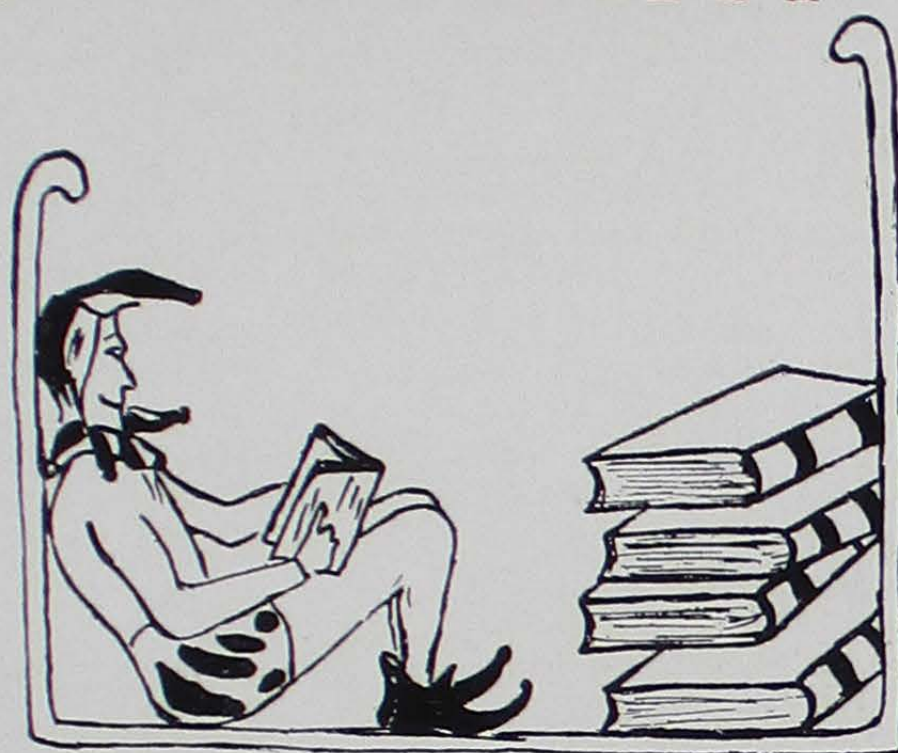
Ernest Risley, chairman social committee.

Gifford Terry, chairman bible committee.

This high school maintains a membership totaling 34 with an attendance of from 15 to 25. Meetings are held in the Y. M. C. A. room each Tuesday evening. They are opened by short sentence prayers and a few songs; following which any business of the association is transacted. The meetings are usually of a devotional nature, with a leader selected from the boys. Lively discussions of vital topics are always helpful to those who hear them as well as those who partake in them. Once a month, a man is invited to come before us with a message; such men as Mr. Thompson, Rev. Hints, Rev. Handy, Mr. Hanson, and Mr. Hasbrouck. The faculty is represented in the membership by Mr. Pollard and Mr. Giese, who act as advisors to the cabinet. During the social hour which follows the devotional, songs are sung, or such games as boxing and wrestling are played. A quartette is being formed, although it has not yet made an appearance.

This organization is open to all boys in the high school and the men of the faculty. The dues are optional, and a card is given all members, which entitles them to the use of the gymnasium and to recognition in other such organizations.

LITERARY



WHEN SI AND SAMANTHA WENT TO THE CIRCUS

"Semantha, oh Semantha, where be ye anyways?" He was a roly poly little old man. He carried a yellow bill in his hand and it could be seen that he was very much excited.

"Well, what do ye want Si. I be right here in this here kitchen a gettin' ye some supper. A little old lady came to the door, her face slightly flushed from bending over the stove.

The old man thrust the bill in her hand and exclaimed, "There's goin' to be a circus in Steepleton to-morow and I want you and me to go. We haven't been to a circus for about twenty years. Oh, Samantha, do say we'll go. I jest be so 'cited I kin hardly stand still."

"That's just fine Si. Won't it be fun? We'll go, but not a soul must know it, for they'd think we was plumb crazy. We'll get up early in the mornin' so as to git there to see the whole show, and we'll take our dinner and stay all day."

"Semantha, I'll buy ye some peanuts to feed them there—oh say now, what do ye call them things anyways—the ones with the great long tongue and teeth stickin' out on each side?"

"Ye means them elephanthers, I s'pose," said Samantha scornfully.

"Yep, that's just what I do mean."

"Now Si, ye come into supper right away. Jest as soon as ye git ye're chores done ye has to help me fix some stuff to take to-morow."

When Si came in from doing his chores he found Samantha busily making a cake. "Hi, Semantha, and whet kin I be a doin'?" he asked.

"Go down cellar and git them crock of cherries fer me." So he went, but could find nothing except the butter and eggs. He looked and looked, but he couldn't find "them cherries," he said.

"Say, ye Si, what be ye a doin' anyway, ye hain't makin' them cherries air ye?"

"Oh," wailed Si, "I jest cain't find them blasted churries no place round this here cellar. Ye'll just have to come and git them ye're self."

So Samantha started down cellar, scolding to herself all the while. "Thet's jest whet a body gits fer sendin' a man anyway, fer they never be able to find nothing no how."

But just as she got half way down the steps, here came Si with the cherries, very red-faced from his hunt. "Well 'tis a pity I must say, thet ye couldn't heve found them afore this. Now ye jest sit down there and pit them every one, while I make the pie crust." Of course he did as he was told.

Before they went to bed that night their kitchen smelled of pie, cake, sauce, salad and most everything that one could imagine.

Neither slept much that night for they dreamed that they were at the circus feeding elephants and monkeys.

They arose early the next morning dressed in their best, packed their dinner and supper in the buggy and started for Steepleton. They arrived at the grounds about ten o'clock just as the morning show was beginning. They almost ran into the ticket wagon and fairly dashed into the tent for fear they wouldn't get a good place to sit. The bystanders smiled and winked at one another to see this old couple acting like children who were going to their first circus.

"My, Si," ejaculated Samantha, "hain't this circus fine?"

"Bet 'tis," said Si absently for he was watching the girls ride around the ring on horseback. By the time the circus was out it was dinner time, so Si and Samantha found a nice shady place to eat in.

All the time that they were eating they were talking about the wonderful things they had seen. Si said that he liked the girls who rode on the horses the best but Samantha said that that was just like a man and she liked the dancing monkeys the best.

"Well, now," said Samantha, "We've set here long enough, let's go see them there animals."

But Si said, "Jest wait until I git ye some peanuts to feed them monkeys and elephanters." So he got the peanuts fir her. Then they went to the animal tent. "Say, Semantha, do look at thet big striped cat, wa'll ye? I'd kinder like to heve one, wouldn't ye."

"Sakes alive, ye foolish man, them animals is fierce, and they'd jest as lief eat a man as to look at him."

"Ma! Ma! Do look at thet little mule, will ye? Ain't he cute?"

"Thet hain't no mule Si. I jest heard a man say it was a z—z—z—z—z—z—zeb—well anyhow it began with a Z. I know now—zebra. Yes, thet's what he said."

From this tent they went to the side shows. There they saw the snake charmer, the wonderful black horse and the gypsy fortune teller. By the time they were through looking around it was half past five. Si tho't that it was time to eat supper, so they sat down under a spreading oak and ate it. Then they started home. At half past ten they entered their own yard. My how tired and sleepy they were, but as happy as two children who had been good all day.

"Oh," sighed Samantha, "hain't this been a lovely day? I haven't had sech a good time for twenty year or so."

"Yes," murmured the sleepy Si. "I've hed such a good time. We'll heve to go to the next one too, won't we Samanthe?"

THE FLOWER GIRL

Those who had the pleasure of attending C—Beach last summer must surely remember the "Flower Girl." She was well known and well liked by all who visited this sunny beach in the warm months of summer. Pretty and sociable, she soon won her way to the hearts of young and old alike—and you found yourself wondering how she could have come to this beautiful occupation. For three years she had conducted a greenhouse and flower garden there, managing the business alone and securing enough during the summer months to support her until the following season. Her customers were many and she was always busy, either selling or caring for the lovely roses, lilies, pinks, sweet peas, and the many other flowers which she grows.

On a morning in June, as she was going about the garden, singing merrily as she cared for her plants and flowers, she was startled by a footstep behind her. Turning she beheld a young man in livery approaching.

"Good morning, Miss," he said, touching his cap. Without waiting for a reply, he continued:

"I have been sent to you by my mistress, who is ill. She has heard of you and requests that I get some posies of you."

"Certainly, sir," she returned graciously. "What kind does she prefer?"

"Well, she didn't say just what kind, but I think that any you select will please her very much. She only heard of you yesterday and wanted me to come right over this morning, for fear that you might be away. My mistress is an ardent lover of flowers and birds," he added, by way of explanation. The Flower Girl hurried over to the bed of roses, selecting a large bunch of the prettiest, making them into a boquet.

"I'm sorry that your mistress is ill," she said. "But I am sure that she will enjoy these roses."

"Thank you, Miss. She is better this morning than usual. Although she has been confined to her bed for two weeks with a sprained ankle resulting from a fall, she has been sitting up for the last three days. Her nurse finds it hard to keep her quiet for she longs to get out these fine, summer days."

"Tell your mistress that I hope she will be patient until she can get out," said the Flower Girl as she followed the liverman out to his car. Just as he was ready to go, she happened to think of something.

"Wait, just a moment, sir," she said, and hurried into the greenhouse, soon returning with a package.

"Take this to your mistress," she said. It is a Chinese lily which is just budding. She can place it in her window and watch it grow as the flower opens. Keep it in moist sand and tomorrow it will open. Goodbye."

Next morning at the usual tasks, she was again interrupted by the footman.

"My mistress was so delighted with the roses which you sent yesterday that she sends me for more. She is carefully watching the lily and it is nearly open. She was so interested that her nurse couldn't read to her. She said that she would leave the selection of the flowers to you—for she intends to send me each morning until she is able to come herself."

A smile of satisfaction crept over the Flower Girl's face when she realized that she had made someone happy.

"I'm so glad she liked the Chinese lily. It is one which I have been tending since April, and I am sure that it was intended to brighten the life of someone. What flowers shall we take today?"

After some hesitation, they chose a nosegay of Mamouth Sweet Peas, which the Flower Girl wrapped carefully in waxed paper. The footman paid her and departed.

Thereafter, for a week or more, the footman called regularly, reporting a steady improvement in his mistress' health. The Flower Girl always saved the prettiest and rarest of her beauties for him.

Finally, one morning he was a little late in coming, and the Flower Girl grew anxious. At last, she heard the car coming up the road. Today, the footman was not alone. He supported upon his arm a lovely little lady, who smiled as she saw the Flower Girl.

"Good morning, Flower Girl," called the little lady, when she was within speaking distance. The Flower Girl ran to meet them, and they soon became acquainted. Then she showed them about the greenhouse and garden, taking pride in showing the flowers and in telling how she cared for them. The little lady was enthusiastic, pressing the Flower Girl for more information concerning herself.

"But my dear girl," she exclaimed, "Are you quite alone

in the world? How did you come to be in this pretty place?"

"Yes," answered the Flower Girl, rather sadly. "My mother died when I was fourteen, and my dear father was killed just three years ago in a train wreck in the West. Since then, I have been helped by everyone, and a man who was with father when he was killed gave me enough to establish this garden."

She stopped speaking, for the little lady had paled and was leaning heavily upon the footman's arm.

"What was your father's name?" she asked, anxiously.

"Why, Samuel Gardner was his name," she answered, wonderingly. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, my dear girl," cried the little lady, as she embraced the Flower Girl in her arms. "Samuel Gardner was my brother and I have been looking for you these three long years."

—Paul Potter, '14.

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MR. SKREGG'S TREACHERY

The hot July sun glared down from a creal blue sky, making the heat unbearable in the little kitchen of our western shack, where I had gone to keep house for my brother on his ranch. The only breath of wind I felt that afternoon was when a fly buzzed lazily past me.

I longed to go to my room and rest. It would be so much cooler. My face was scorched from the heat of the irons and the work was not half done. The only sound in the house was the monotonous "click-clack" of the clock as it tolled off the seconds.

Looking out the window I saw the flowers I had worked over so hard in the spring, withering and fading under the hot glare of the sun. The grass was turning brown and in places dying out. The only shade tree in sight was a puny poplar down by the watering trough.

Thinking again of my cool room I reasoned that the work could be better done if it waited until the next day. Probably the weather would be cooler then, too. So putting things aside I climbed the stairs.

All was quiet and I soon dropped into a doze, but a busy fly seized this time for conquest, and buzzed over my head, alighting first on my cheek and then on my nose. I could not sleep.

Voices soon floated up to me, one sounded like an ax on a grindstone. It belonged to our neighbor, Mr. Skreggs, a little old man with shifting black eyes and a chin that was most inquisitive. Common report said that he was a man not to be trusted very far.

While I was sleepily musing over this fault of our worldly neighbor I heard my brother Ned's voice saying, "I think I can be back in a couple of days at the most."

"Yaw. easy done," grated out Mr. Skreggs. "Tell ye way ter' go four mile straight west of Brisbones. Granary at nor' est corner. Want work done quick." Mr. Skreggs always spoke abruptly, seemingly as tight with his words as his money.

"I'll find it," said Ned. "I'll leave a little note here for sis. Guess she's out."

I was at the head of the stairs but I was hardly presentable, so did not go down. Anyway, it didn't matter. In a moment they both galloped away. Sleep was out of the question, so I chose one of my favorite books to read while waiting for my supper to cook. On the table I found Ned's note:

"Dear Sis: Mr. Skreggs offered me work at very good pay. It is to fill up a couple of dry wells and move a granary off his place. It is about twenty miles away, but I think I can easily do it in two days.—Ned."

For some unaccountable reason I felt uneasy but I told myself that I was a goose. Of course I'd miss Ned, but then—he'd soon be back and the little separation would make him all the dearer. Besides I had much to do and work is good company.

That evening as I was in my garden a breeze whirled a little piece of paper in the air and sent it flying down in my path. For some unaccountable reason I stopped to see what it was.

"Get Ned Sawyer to do the work. Have him get Tom Blake to help and we can get them both out of the way at once. Make them think the land is yours and have them fill up those two wells and move the granary off. They are both newcomers and don't know it is government land. This country is getting too full of these 'respectable citizens' and I don't like it. Besides that land will come in mighty handy to graze our cattle on this spring."

No name was signed and there was no heading. I realized that this would be serious for the boys if they touched government land. How I wanted to run after them and shout the danger, but there was no way so I tucked the two notes into my book and tried to be patient.

The hours dragged by but finally morning came and with it a letter saying that my sister in Iowa was very sick and not expected to live. There was nothing to do but leave word for Ned and take a train for Iowa.

My journey proved very interesting and much shorter than I had expected.

My sister was very much improved but distance and a homesickness I had not fully realized before, won out I decided to stay with her a while.

Several days after my arrival I picked up my unfinished book that I had taken with me and was startled when two notes fell out. I recognized them, however, as the mysterious note of the garden and the one from Ned—poor old Ned. In my anxiety over sister I had forgotten the whole incident,

Salute an Ames High teacher there?
 It cannot be I see aright,
 I pricked the pony into flight,
 And toward them rushed, I glanced anew,
 And saw that he had tied her shoe.
 Then quickly from his knees he rose,
 And brushed the dust from off his clothes.
 I drew a breath of quick relief,
 Oh what then would have been the grief.
 If she had left her history class,
 American History alone to pass?
 As down the hill the two did stroll,
 A bunch of calves came round a knoll;
 Oh save me! save me! now she crowed,
 And drive those calves on down the road.
 Her cry unheeded, then sank her hope,
 As up the hill the calves did lope.
 Then onward to the bank she rushed,
 While he, behind her, came and pushed.
 Heave Ho, my lad, the calves run by,
 And quickly hoist me up on high,
 The man obeyed, she clambered on,
 And soon the summit she did crown.
 The calves went by; all was serene;
 And darkness fell upon the scene.
 —By Dorothy Proctor, '17.

OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETY

Friday, March the third the Omega Literary Society gave a very pleasing program. They gave a play entitled, "The Merchant of Venice Up to Date." Bassanio is in love with Portia, but in order to win her, he must meet the conditions required in whichever casket he chooses. Fate decrees that he shall pass a Latin exam. He despairs until Antonio happens to remember Shylock, the Jew who loans Latin "ponies." Antonio borrows a Caesar pony from Shylock and signs a bond to forfeit one pound of his hair next the brain, if it is not returned. In the last act, the court scene, Antonio is brought to trial by Shylock, who demands the pound of hair. Portia disguised as a lawyer intervenes and brings in a professor to locate the brain. To Shylock's discomfiture Antonio is found to be brainless and is set free. The play closes, as usual, with weddings and Launcelot giving his blessings to the happy couples.

Cast of Characters.

Duke of Venice.	Ernest Risley
Antonio, the Captain of the Football team.	Ted Russell
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portia.	Barclay Noble
Gratiano, also a friend.	Claude Scarborough
Shylock.	Wallace Longworth
Tubal, his friend.	Floyd Lerdall

Launcelot	James Pontius
The Professor	Gifford Terry
Policeman	Roy Stewart
Portio, Rich Heiress	Thelma Sealock
Nerissa, her friend	Gilberta Luke
Jessica, Shylock's Ward	Ruth Philo
Miss Coffey-Johnson	Ila Wilcox
Polly, Portio's Maid	Beatrice Olson
Mrs. Babbs	Margaret Lysinger

An interesting tableau was given, "Old Sweethearts of His." While Donald Soper sat dreaming his visions were beheld by the audience and greatly enjoyed by all. During the dreams Ruby Wassar gave appropriate readings. As he dreamed we saw—

1. Childhood Sweetheart—Betty Hodson.
2. Country school girl—Martha Leson.
3. Tom Boy—Margaret Sloss.
4. The studious girl—Winifred Young.
5. The athletic girl—Geraldine Pratt.
6. The sweet girl graduate—Myrtle McCannon.
7. The football enthusiast—Genevieve Lang.
8. The domestic girl—Hazel Richter.
9. The ranch girl—Wilma Pettit.
10. Maude Muller—Doris Wherry.
11. The society girl—Gladys Ricketts.
12. Riding in the park—Marie Mortenson.
13. The bride—Ione Rice.

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Answers found on High School Exam. Papers:

1. In India, a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.
2. The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.
3. "James" is the subject of a fine-eyed verb.
4. Geometry teaches us how to bisect angles.
5. Gray squirrel is spelled "G-r-a-c-e W-h-i-r-l."
6. Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.
7. An angle is a triangle with only two sides.
8. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.
9. Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neither.
10. An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.
11. Vacation education is training the voice.
12. Tennyson wrote, "In Memorandum."
13. Two explorers of the Mississippi were Romeo and Juliet.
14. The Pharisees prayed in synonyms.
15. A mountain range is a large sized cook stove.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

About forty Seniors enjoyed a class party in the gymnasium March 4th. All of the members had to pass through a modern pergatory before they could reach the interior of the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated in green and white. One of the special features of the evening was a hat-making contest, after which two boxes of Foss' Chocolates were rewarded. Mr. Glen Morris received the prize for showing his art in making the best looking ladies' hat, and Mrs. Giese was rewarded the prize for making the best looking man's hat. Other games were played during the evening, and at the close light refreshments were served.



JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

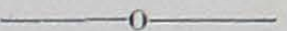
On Wednesday, February 23rd, a business meeting was held in the Study Hall, at which the following class flower and colors were chosen:

Class Color—Red and White.

Class Flower—Red Rose.

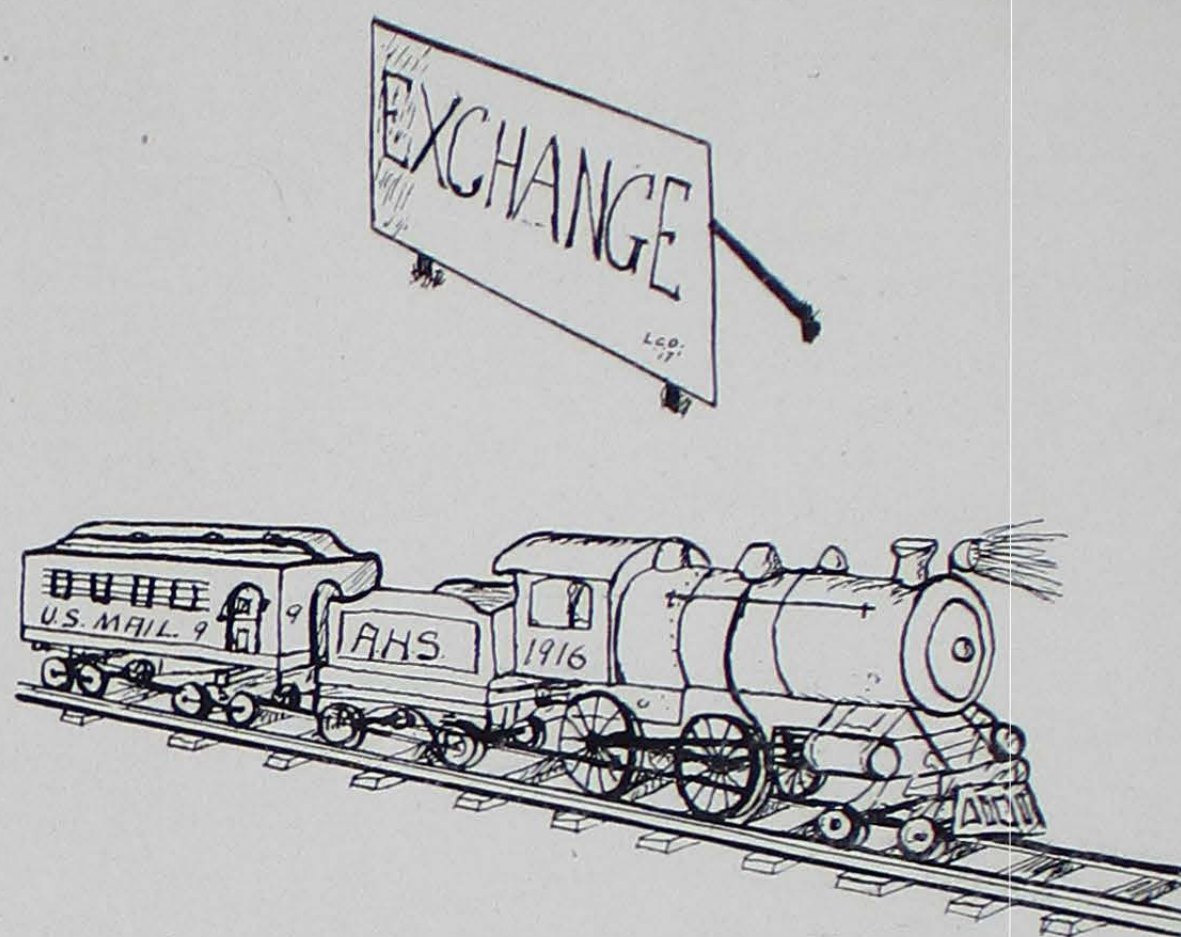
A committee of three was appointed to find appropriate mottos from which a class motto might be selected. The committee was: Frank Sowers, chairman; Paul Potter and Iine Rice.

The Juniors enjoyed a social evening on February 25th at the home of Dean Curtis, when Mesdames Dodds, Curtis, Sowers and Coulter entertained. After matching wits by guessing puzzles representing vegetables, a modern Marathon was staged. This consisted of a fat man's race, a boxing match, relay races, etc. Competition ran high and several "Junior" teachers starred in boxing for refreshments. Many girls were disappointed in having to enjoy their repast without partners! Where were you, boys? Everything progressed nicely and the class had its first real introduction to the class colors, Red and White. The hostesses are to be complimented upon this delightful social and the Juniors wish to show their appreciation.



I wish I were a little egg,
A sitting in a tree;
I wish I were a little egg,
As naughty as can be.
I wish a little boy would climb
Right up that little tree,
And then I'd bust my little self,
And cover him with me.

DOROTHY PROCTOR, '17



Many more interesting exchanges have been received since the last publication of the Spirit. The following list includes most of them:

The Clique—Lamoni, Iowa.
 Pebbles—Marshalltown, Iowa.
 I. High—Independence, Iowa.
 Newtonia—Newton, Iowa.
 Bumble "B"—Boone, Iowa.
 Sisseton—Fairmont, Minn.
 The Pep—Red Oak, Iowa.
 The Philo Phonograph—Sac City, Iowa.
 Blue and White—Perry, Iowa.
 The Otaknam—Mankato, Minn.
 The Pulse—Emmetsburg, Iowa.
 Blue and Gold—Aberdeen, South Dakota.
 The Oracle—North Des Moines.
 The Spectator—Waterloo, Iowa.
 The Tatler—West Des Moines.
 The Boomer—El Reno, Okla.
 The Simpsonian—Indianola, Iowa.
 The Iowa Alumnus—Iowa City, Iowa.
 The Iowa State Student—Ames, Iowa.

All are welcome to use these papers. They may be found in the Principal's office. All we ask is that you will return the papers when you have finished reading them.

Again we have selected a few of the best of the original jokes and poems from the other high school publications and submit them to the readers of the Spirit.

but now it came back to my mind more vividly than ever. I felt troubled, but surely everything was all right on Ned would have written to me. Then I wondered. It would be just like the dear boy to keep it all to himself to save us worry. I blamed myself over and over again for my thoughtlessness and resolved to write that very night and find out all about it.

My book had lost its charm, so I listlessly picked up the little western paper that had just come in the mail. The following headlines attracted my attention:

"SAWYER AND BLAKE TRIAL TOMORROW MORNING."

I trembled from head to foot and too weak to think, I read on mechanically: "Ned Sawyer and Tom Blake are charged with the grave offense of moving buildings off of government land and filling in government wells." On a little further: "This promises to be the most interesting case ever held in Mount Promise. The trial will take place at 10:30 tomorrow morning. The plaintiffs' lawyer, James Marlow; defendants, Russel Blackwell."

The injustice of it all sickened me, but somehow it stirred my mind, too. "Most interesting case" indeed! My imagination was going by leaps and bounds. I rushed upstairs and then gathering a few things together rushed down again to bid the folks goodbye.

Hardly stopping to explain to them I was soon out of the door and flying toward the telegraph station. A message to Ned's attorney told him when to expect me. The train whistled and started just as I ran across the platform of the depot, but I climbed on in spite of the protest of the brakeman. Ned needed my evidence. That was the one supreme tho't in my mind.

How slowly the train moved—the hours dragged by. The moon came out making the country bright with her rays. Lights twinkled in the houses as we sped by them. Distant trees seemed to loom up into the silvery sky. Anxious and troubled as I was the peaceful night seemed to put her arms about me in comfort. On and on, farther into the country we flew.

That was the longest night I ever passed, but dawn finally came and the sun arose. Breakfast was called, but even the tho't of food seemed to choke me. So I sat still and watched the houses and fenceposts grow fewer as we came into the ranch country. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens and my anxiety grew to a pain, for fear I would not reach the court room in time.

Finally the straggling houses of Mount Promise appeared and the train slowed down at the little red depot. I admitted then that I was really glad to see it.

The sleepy inhabitants of that burgh would have seen a funny spectacle that morning if they hadn't been watching that "most interesting case." A young lady with her hat over one ear, hairpins sticking out at every angle, her coat over

one arm, and her suitcase in the other, might have been seen speeding down the dusty lane toward the court room.

I tried to straighten my belongings a little and then went in. Everything was hazy before my eyes. I remember seeing Ned, taking my oath, thrusting the precious notes into the lawyer's hands, but the trial was all jumbled and confused. It was really not until we had left that awful court room that I fully realized that I had saved Ned. R. R. '18.

TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN

Perhaps the most beautiful part of our trip last summer was the ride up Mt. Tamalpais, from San Francisco. We crossed the bay to Sausalito, and from there up to Mill Valley, where we took "the crookedest railroad in the world" up the mountain. It is an ordinary steam engine—that is, not a cog road—and the ascent is very gradual. The road twists and curves up eight miles to the summits of the mountain, which is half a mile above sea level.

Just after we leave Mill Valley we enter a forest of redwood trees. It is very cool and green, with a refreshing little creek flowing thru it, and a profusion of ferns and shrubs along its banks.

But gradually we rise above this canyon, and we look back down upon the tops of the trees, and across other wooded spaces. We are on the side of the mountain, and to our right, its stony cliffs are towering above us, while on the other side we look down on the road over which we have come, and we look out across the plains to the Pacific.

The Double Bow Knot is the crookedest place in the road—where the track parallels itself five times in about three hundred feet.

At the "Halfway Point" we change cars and go on a side line out to Muir Woods. It is just after noon, but the trees are so tall and close together and it is so shady that we only succeed in getting on snap shot. We cannot get the top of the tree into the picture, but as we take it, the trunk is about 25 feet high.

The woods cover about three hundred acres and consists mostly of redwoods, the tallest of these being three hundred feet in height. There is a little mountain brook winding in and out, with ferns along its banks. The paths are carpeted with fallen leaves, and there is a warm summer breeze thru the forest. We are thrilled with delight—it is all so beautiful. After we have rambled thru the woods, admiring the tall majestic redwood trees, and walking into the hollow trunks of some of them, with regrets that we must leave so soon, we go back to the railroad and are taken up to the top of the mountain.

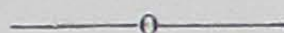
Every moment the scene grows grander and more extensive. We see many miles out across forests, plains and fields,

across San Francisco bay, thru the Golden Gate, where the sky and ocean meet. As we go around the curves, winding up the mountain side, our point of view is continually changing. The sun is going down, and it colors up the mountains in the distance, Mr. Hamilton, and the Coast Range. They are hazy blue, and tinged rosy by the sun, with darker places down the sides where the canyons are filled with trees.

The train stops, and we start to walk up to an observatory on the very highest point, but it is very windy, so, from the side of the mountain we watch the sun go down into the sea. It is a ball of red fire, and casts its reflection on the water. At first the edge just touches the horizon, then it sinks, leaving wonderfully colored after it is gone. We are looking down twenty-five hundred feet to the sea. It seems very far because there are no other high mountains to obstruct the view.

After we have eaten at the inn, we go back down the mountain. There is no light in the car, except the light of stars. Then we cross the bay by starlight—and moonlight too—but brighter than these is the illumination at the Exposition grounds.

Doris Wilson, '16.



GLEANINGS FROM JUNIOR CLASS

Middy:

A person once did sailing go
Upon the rolling ocean;
He thought he'd like to take a row
When he was in the notion.

A farmer once did weeding go,
Upon a summer day;
He could not find a weed to hoe,
So thought he'd mow the hay. —F. L.

His back is brown, his breast is red,
His song is simply grand;
He sings at early morning time,
His music beats the band. —H. C.

The ground is wet with rain which fell
Last night while we were abed;
Slept through without a doubt but that
We would awake not dead. —B. I.

The air is soft, and crimp, and cool,
And not a soul is glum;
For soon we know we'll have no school,
The Spring! The Spring has come! —H. C.

His face was lean, and dark, and sad,
His eyes now lower fall;
The judge had ordered with stern voice:
"Back, to his prison cell!" —L. M.

The man was coming up the path,
His face was black with dust;
He had a milk pail on his arm,
And do his work he must. —A. McC.

A robin held his head quite high,
And raised his voice to sing;
His song was pure and sweet and clear,
Because he knew 'twas Spring. —C. V. C.

The day is dreary, long and dark,
The sun has gone to rest;
The clouds go swiftly o'er the sky,
And hasten to the west. —E. R.

The flower is small and round and red,
Its petals number five;
The bees they come to it and take
The honey to the hive. —B. I.

The rain is falling thick and fast,
While people passing by;
Are muttering words of discontent,
And wish that it were dry. —I. C.

The sun was bright, the day was warm,
As down the road there came
Some small boys with a long fish pole,
'Twas Sunday—what a shame! —C. H.

Her hair is shining silver gray,
Her smile is like the smile of day;
Her eyes a gleam of heaven hold,
Her ways are pure and rich as gold. —D. P.

Its petals and its leaves are green,
Its stem is short and brown;
It comes from out the old black ground,
And stays the whole year round. —R. K.

St. Patrick lived in days of old,
When Irishmen were green;
And that is why we celebrate
At this time every year. —E. T.

St. Patrick's day had come at last,
Each student dressed with care;
Each girl had helped another
Put green ribbon in her hair.
The streets were full of people,
Who hurried on their way;
Each seeking green at I. S. C.,
To celebrate the day. —I. Reins.

—o—

OH! BROOK

Oh, Brook! which winds 'round hill and dale,
Or near the meadow's edge,
Where daisies bend their heads to sip
The water from a ledge.

I wonder as the flowers drink,
And as you onward flow,
If anyone who knows you well
Can tell me where you go.

I love to wander near your edge,
And watch the trout pass by;
I love to linger on your bank,
While onward time doth fly.

Oft'times when birds in yonder tree,
Sing their sweet melody;
My thoughts go on to that sweet day
When all shall be like thee. —W. E. S.

—o—

DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD

When I, who only was a lad,
In that country of long ago,
How poor those gloomy days I had
How sad when'er I used to go.

No joy I had or friend as well,
Nor leisure time to play along,
No lovely home where I could dwell,
Nor pleasure—wealth to me belong.

I worked so hard from day to day,
With hard a task I often bear;
I did it all with life so gay,
With willing heart and faithful care.

I wandered oft alone from home,
In forest wide where nature's glue,
To watch wild rose and lilies bloom
And list son'rous brooks gently flow.

When evening came, I sat and gazed,
To the flickering twilight day;
Thinking that some day I'd find ease,
Perchance not long when'er it may.

I lonely dream in chamber quite,
Of happy times of days to come;
To God, I trusted in His might,
Who's in heaven, which is our home.

Oh! happy hours of childhood there!
Oh! sweet mem'ry of parted days!
Delicious days! painful year!
How sweet were thy comforting ways!

O what great changes thou hast made,
Since thy reign in my younger year;
Thanks, blissful moments, tender guide,
Sweet year of infancy dear!

—Quentin Fernandez, '16.

A TRUE STORY

The sun was setting o'er Zumwalt's hill,
Three riders and horses were standing still,
And on the wooded landscape gazed,
As at the roadside the ponies grazed.
A peaceful calm was over all,
And no sad thoughts did they recall,
When suddenly to their surprise,
A thrilling picture caught their eyes.
A woman on the hilltop stood,
And at her feet knelt true knighthood.
Her gown was rose, her face serene,
Her features marble-like did seem;
Brown were her eyes, as was her hair,
She seemed a creature wondrous fair.
Have you her rare form ne'er beheld,
As she the Ames High students quelled
But horrors! ! how would mere man dare,

Senior: "There was a death in Chem. Lab. yesterday."

Prep: "Who was it?"

Senior: "Potassium iodide."

—Oracle, North High.

The kings are in the background

Issuing commands;

The queens are in the parlors,

As etiquette demands.

The bankers in the counting-houses

Are busy multiplying;

The common people at the front,

Are doing all the dying.

—Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.

Prof: "What is dust?"

Fresh Prep: "Mud with the juice squeezed out."

—The Otaknam.

Junior: "My sister got a pearl from a clam."

Soph: "That's nothing, my sister got a diamond from a lobster."—The Clique.

Sing a song of street cars,

Seats all full of chaps;

Four and twenty ladies

Hanging on the straps.

When the door is opened,

The chaps begin to read,

The latest advertisements

Of the newest breakfast feeds.

—The Blue and Gold.

Teacher: "Now then, all together, once more, "Little drops of water"—and for goodness' sake, put a little spirit into it."—Bumble "B."

First Junior: "Say, have you your English lesson for today?"

Second Junior: "No, I am against preparedness in all forms."—The Tatler.

Teacher, reading aloud to the rhetoric class:

"Toward the end of the ride they came to a ford—"

"Oh ship that!" exclaiming the weary Senior. "I'm getting tired of these automobile jokes."—Philo Phonograph.

Profesor: "What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Student: "It was built in the time of a famine."—Sisseton.

"I saw Jack Johnson, Charlie Chaplin and Billy Sunday
when I was out walking the other day."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, only it made me think of a chocolate—nut—
sundae."—The Blue and White.

Senior Lad: "Let me be the light of your life."

Senior Lassie: "I don't want a light that goes out every
night."—The Oracle.

Causes and Effects—

F—ierce Lessons.

L—ate Hours.

U—nexpected Company.

N—ot Prepared.

K—nocked Out.

—The Pep.

Teacher: "When was Caesar born?"

Student: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Didn't you see the 98 B. C. at the bottom of
the page?"

Student: "I thought that was his telephone number."—
The Tatler.

A school paper is a great invention,

The school gets all the fame;

The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

—Sisseton.

BASKET BALL

Indianola 18—Ames 15.

The team showed much improvement in team work and all around playing, the only weakness being their inability to hit the ring in several easy shots which would have won the game. Pammel was elected captin before the game.

Nevada 16—Ames 14.

After playing rings around Nevada the first half the team lost their eye for baskets and were beaten in the last half. The game was played on a small floor, which had but two outside lines. The smallness of the floor made team work difficult.

Marshalltown 50—Ames 11.

Marshalltown did their feat of a few weeks before all over again and beat us 50 to 11. Lack of team work and inability to hit the basket were the weakest points but the team was outplayed in all parts of the game.

Marshalltown—			Ames—		
R. F. Boardman.....	6	ft.	R. G. Pammel	1	0
L. F. Pell	1	0	L. G. Britton	1	3
C. Packer	11	0	C. Swearingen	0	0
R. G. Smith	0	0	R. F. Lerdall	0	0
L. G. Hurlburt	4	0	L. F. Hammond	2	0
L. F. H. Smith	2	1	C. Stewart	0	0
L. G. Wood	0	0			
R. G. Ewing	0	0	Referee, Linden.		

Ames 34—Nevada 15.

The team had no trouble in defeating Nevada. They put up a good guarding game and had good team work. The size of the floor showed on Nevada as they were all in the last half. Innis, who played the last six minutes, shot four baskets.

Ames—			Nevada—		
R. G. Pammel	0	0	R. G. Drybread	0	0
C. Swearingen	2	0	L. G. Kinsey	1	0
R. F. Lerdall.....	5	4	C. Shaw	1	5
L. F. Hammond	4	0	R. F. Benka	1	0
R. F. Innes.....	4	0	L. F. Anderson	2	0
C. Stewart	0	0	L. F. Armstrong	0	0
Referee, Merriam.					

Boone 29—Ames 8.

Against Boone the team showed their same old weakness of no team work, and poor basket shooting. Boone played an exceptionally good guarding game. Hammond made most points for Ames.

Boone.		Ames	
Boone.	G. FT.	Ames	G. FT.
E., Cook	4 0	R. F. Hammond	2 0
F., Meredith	4 9	L. F. Lerdall	0 2
F., Lamb	0 0	C. Stewart	0 0
F., Schrader	0 0	R. G. Pammell	0 0
F., Ashby	1 0	L. G. Britten.....	1 0
G., Nelson	0 0	C. Swearingen	1 0
G., Whitehal	1 0	G. McCarty	0 0
		F. Innis	0 0
Referee, Linden.			

Ames 38—Ogden 19.

Ogden couldn't get the ball down the floor. The first half both teams played ragged ball. Ames came out with the majority of points.

Ames		Ogden.	
	G. FT.		G. FT.
R. G. Pammell	6 0	Pugsley	1 0
L. G. Britton	1 0	Ehlers	4 0
C. Swearingen	3 0	Marquardt	4 0
L. F. Lerlall	3 0	Stevens	3 3
R. F. Hammond	10 0	Lindholm	0 0
G. McCarty	0 0	Patterson	0 0
C. Stewart	2 0	Johnson	0 0
F. Innes	0 0		

Ames 60

Ogden 6

This game was played in the armory and the Ogden bunch showed plainly they were not used to a large slippery floor. They wouldn't mix and the ball was at Ames' goal most of the time. The team piled up a larger score on Ogden than any other team they played.

Boone 14—Ames 8.

The team drew Boone at the tournament and played them the first morning. The team started off good and were leading at the end of the first half 8 to 4. In the second half they failed to make a point and were beaten 14 to 8. This eliminated us from the tournament and was the last game of the season.

The games played here at Ames were poorly patronized. There is no reason why more students shouldn't support the team and if the games are not better attended in the future basketball will have to be discontinued, as the treasury showed a deficit of fifteen dollars.

The prospects are exceedingly good for next year as Pammel, Britton and Swearingen are the only ones lost by graduation and with Rufus and Lester Hoon, Murphy, McCarty, Innes, Anderson, Hayes and Ricketts to pick from to fill their places a first class team should be had, providing the students do the necessary backing up.



Mary had some little pranks,
That were witty, we'll admit;
And every place that Mary went,
She'd try some of these tricks.

She tried one in History class,
Which was against the rule,
Miss Thornburgh didn't like it—
Results: Mary kicked out of school.

—o—
Miss Fikel (in Eng. IV): I will give the cause and you
may give the effect. The boy slid down the cellar door.
Ada M.: He tore his pants.

—o—
Lyle M. to Mary McCarroll: Say Mary, you know that
little bungalow just two houses from our place. Well, it's for
rent.

—o—
Ag. Teacher: "Name three things containing starch."
Soph.: Two cuffs and a collar."

—o—
Student: Are we going to be excused for the parade to-
morrow?

Miss Thornburgh: I haven't been officially "*reformed*"
yet.

—o—
Miss Fickle (in Eng. IV): Estimating lengths on the
blackboard: Now Elmer please go up and put a foot on the
board.

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Miss Coffee (in Geometry) : Can't any of you understand
this proposition? Edward Judge accidentally turns on the
lights?

Miss Coffee: Yes, I konw we all need a little light on the
subject.

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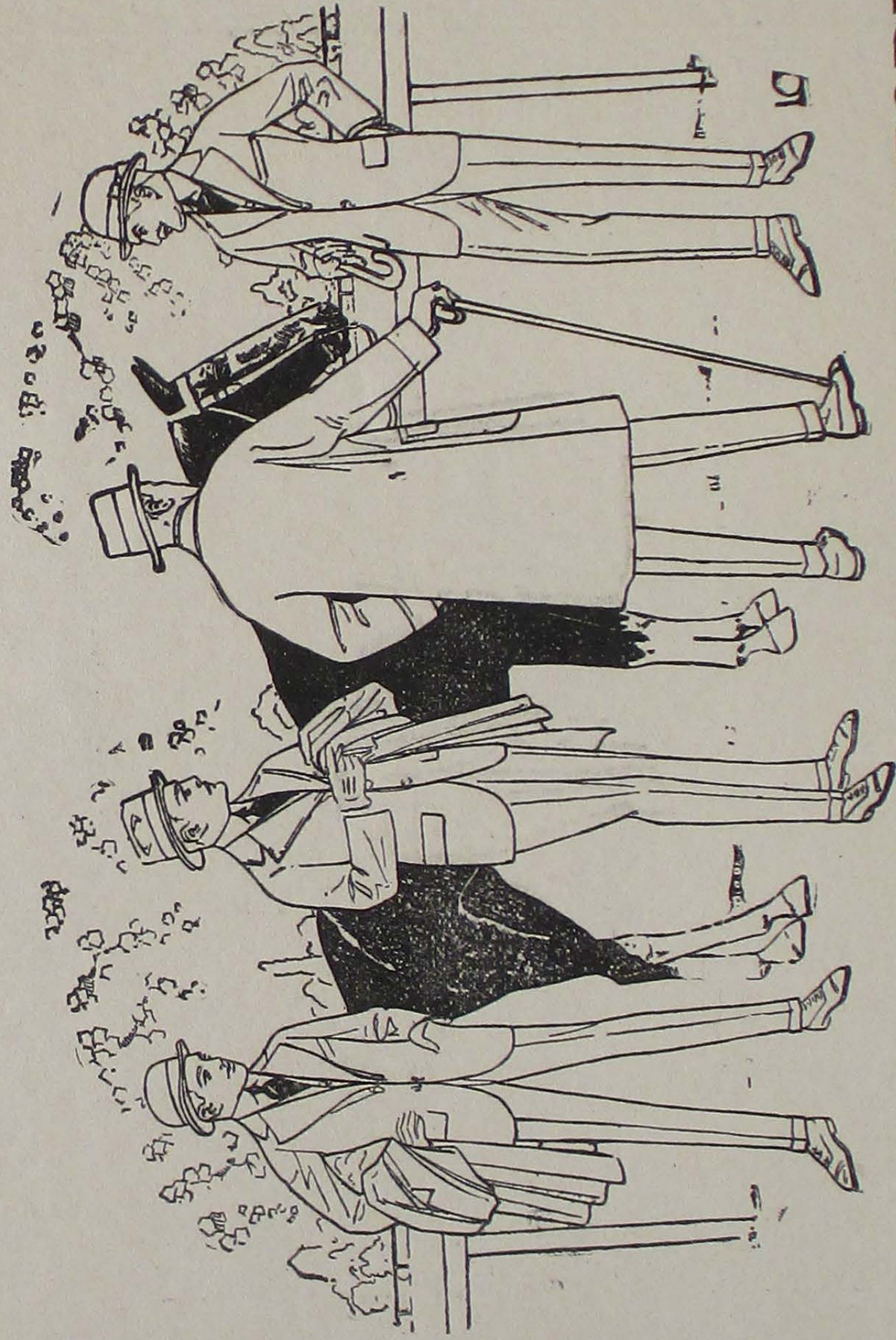
THE SPIRIT



VOL. V

June 1916

No. 4



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THE SPIRIT STAFF

THE SPIRIT ANNUAL

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Junior	- - - - -	Claude Scarborough
Sophomore	- - - - -	Victor Beach
Freshmen	- - - - -	Eleanor Murray

EDITORIAL

As this school year has drawn to a close, the members of the Class of 1916 will all separate, and to take up different vocations in life. Some will pursue knowledge farther, some will take up other work; and some will probably journey to distant lands. Whatever they do, or wherever they go, we wish the Class of 1916 success in everything, and we also hope that they may look back upon the time spent in Old Ames High as the happiest in their lives.

We also want to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped this year to make our paper a success. And it is our sincerest wish that next year it may be even better.

Boost for the Spirit.



PRINCIPAL CALDWELL

To Albert Francis Caldwell

In appreciation of his faithful and successful efforts to promote the welfare of Ames High, the class of nineteen hundred sixteen dedicates this commencement number of the Spirit.



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THE NEW

Class '16 with Shakespeare**TOM SLOSS, JR.**

Senior Class President, Football.
 "With one fool's head I come to woe
 But I go away with two."
 Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene IX.

**GLADYS PEARL CAMERON**

"How far that little candle throws its beams
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
 Merchant of Venice, Act V, Scene I.

**WARREN H. CANADAY**

"I am a man more sinned against than
 sinning."
 King Lear, Act III, Scene II.

**GLADYS SPARKS**

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is
 deep."
 King Henry, Act III, Scene I.

**J. ARTHUR JUDGE**

"Art"
 "We know what we are, but not what we
 may be."
 Hamlet, Act IV, Scene IV.

THELMA WHITNEY SEALOCK
 "Phyllis." Senior Class Play.
 "Or, let me speak."
 King Richard III; Act IV, Scene IV.



WALLACE H. LONGWORTH
 Senior Class Play.
 "Who shall choose me shall get as much as
 she deserves."
 Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene VIII.



FERYL JONES
 "For she is so wise if I can judge of her."
 Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene VI.



CLARENCE SMITH
 "More in Women than in men remain."
 The Passionate Pilgrim, Chap. IX, Line 18.



PEARL APLAND
 Senior Class Play, Declamatory Contest.
 "Beauty and honor in her are so mingled."
 King Henry, VIII. Act II, Scene II.





MARY ELIZABETH GHRIST

"She is a virtuous and reverend woman."
Comedy of Errors, Act V, Scene I.



JAMES DILLON WISEMAN

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."
Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene V.



HESTER JEANETTE CROSBY

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love."
Othello, Act I, Scene III.



DALE WALLACE McCARTY

"Romans, countrymen and lovers, hear me
for my cause;
And be silent that you may hear."
Julius Caesar; Act III, Scene II.



HELEN M. OLIVER

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."
Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Scene II.

MARGARET LYSINGER

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever."

Measure for Measure, Act III, Scene III.

HAROLD B. NOWLIN

"Peppy."

"He has a daily beauty in his life—Sleep."
Othello, Act V, Scene I.

SARAH LUCY McELYEA

"Tis not his fault, the spark."

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II, Scene I.

QUENTIN G. FERNANDEZ

"The noblest mind he carries, that ever gov-
erned man."

Life of Timon of Athens, Act I, Scene I.

FLORENCE N. PEPPER

"Must I speak now?"

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III,
Scene I.



**ELSIE MCKIBBEN**

"Silence is the most perfect herald of joy."

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Scene I.

**EDITH ELIZABETH MCDOWELL**

Spirit Staff—Class Play.

"I profess not talking; on this,
Let each man do his best."

Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene I.

**ERNEST L. RISLEY**

Football. "Red."

"Mislike me not for my complexion."

Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene I.

**LILLY VIVINNA NUNAMAKER**

"Let thy song be love; this love will undo
us all."

Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene I.

**DELMAR P. SCHAAL**

Orchestra.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

King Henry, IV; Act III, Scene 1.

DOROTHY BOWDISH

Spirit Staff—Class Play.

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

King Richard III; Act III, Scene I.



LESTER SWEARINGEN

Football—Basketball.

"I had most need of blessing and 'Amen' stuck in my throat."

Macbeth; Act II, Scene II.



DORIS WILSON

"Knowledge is the wing, wherewith we fly to heaven."

Henry VI; Act IV, Scene VII.



ROY F. STEWART

Football.

"His love sincere, his thots immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart."

Two Gentlemen from Verona, Act IV, Scene III.



WINIFRED RAYMOND

"Falseness cannot come from thee."

Pericles, Act V, Scene I.



**DEVERE MCNEIL**

"Pecky."

"Does not divide the Sunday from the week."

Hamlet, Act I, Scene I.

**ELSIE PEARL PONTIOUS**

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

As You Like It, Act III, Scene II.

**MAX REYNOLDS**

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."

Two Gentlemen from Verona, Act II Scene

**LEAH ELIZABETH BAKER**

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Hamlet, Act III, Scene I.

**JAMES S. LIKELY**

Orchestra—Y. M. C. A.

"Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe."

Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Scene I.

DWIGHT A. BRITTEN

Football—Basketball.

"He sits among men like a descended god."

Death of King John, Act II, Scene I.

ILA MAY WILCOX

"High."

"Decline your head: this kiss if it durst speak

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air."
King Lear, Act IV, Scene II.

DONALD S. BEAM

Senior Class Play.

"They laugh that win."

Othello, Act IV, Scene I.

LOIS RUSSEL

"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII.

HOWARD S. HOUGLAND

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

King Henry IV; Act III, Scene I.





LORENZO DALE PIERCE

"He shines not upon fools, lest the reflection
should hurt him."

Cymbeline, Act IV, Scene II.



HAZEL KINTZLEY

Spirit Staff—Class Play.

"She is a gallant creature and complete in
mind and feature."

King Henry VIII; Act III, Scene II.



DAVID GARRISON GHRIST

Spirit Staff—Class Play.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all the observers."

Hamlet, Act III, Scene I.



LURA M. GAMBLE

Orchestra.

"There is language in her eye, her cheek, her
lip—nay her foot speaks."

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Scene V.



HAROLD EMMEL PAMMEL

"Pete"—Football—Basketball.

"The crickets sing and I repair myself by
rest."

Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Scene II.

VIOLA MARIE PETTIT

" Spirit Staff.
"From her will fall some blessing to this land
Which shall in it be memorized."
King Henry VIII; Act III, Scene II.



MYRON A. BUDD

"I pray, do not let a person take you un-
wares
And seal the bargain with a kiss."
Two Gentlemen from Verona, Act II, Scene II.



IRMA STANSBERRY

"Her voice was soft, gentle and low;
An excellent thing in woman."
King Lear, Act V, Scene III.



GLEN R. MORRIS

Senior Class Play.
"But the gods made him unlike all others."
Tragedy of Cymbeline, Act I, Scene I.



MABEL ALETTA DOBBE

"She adds a precious seeing to the eye."
Measure for Measure, Act IV, Scene III.



**RUTH MARGARET GOODRICH**

"Fire, that closest kept, burns best of all."

Two Gentlemen from Verona, Act I, Scene II.

ELDON COX

"Coxy."

"He will give the devil his due."

King Henry IV; Act I, Scene II.

HELEN RAYMOND

Senior Class Play.

"She's young and of a noble modest nature."

King Henry VIII; Act IV, Scene II.

GLEN F. McCANNON

"Ick."

"This youth howe'er distressed appears, he had good ancestors."

Tragedy of Cymbeline, Act II, Scene II.

JESSIE F. BROOKS

Senior Class Play.

"Is she not passing fair?"

Loves Labor Lost, Act IV, Scene IV.



CAROLINE ADAMS

Spirit Staff—Class Play.

"What e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks."

Macbeth, Act IV, Scene I.



JOHN E. FAIRFIELD

"We know what we are but we know not
what we may be."

Hamlet, Act IV, Scene V.



GLADYS MARIE RICKETTS

"Hecky."

"He was a prince."

Tragedy of Cymbeline, Act V, Scene V.



WILLIAM H. VAN DUZER

"Bill."

"More than the world enjoys."

Tragedy of Cymbeline, Act II, Scene V.



MILDRED ALENE MINKLER

"I have no other but a woman's reason.
I think him so because I thing him so."

Two Gentlemen from Verona, Act I, Scene II.



ETHYL GRACE BARKER

"The force of her own merit makes her way."
Henry VIII; Act II, Scene II.



WALTER KLOPPENBURG

"Klopp."
"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."
Henry VIII; Act II, Scene II.



HELEN SKELTON ZENOR

"I am the very pink of courtesy."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene IV.

RAYMOND LANGLAND

Not in Picture.
"What man dares, I dare."
Macbeth, Act III, Scene IV.

CLASS HISTORY

As commencement draws near a "feeling of sadness creeps o'er the Class of 1916" as it contemplates its departure from the high school which it entered, it seems, four ages ago. Perhaps the moral effect of being the first class of Preps in the new high school has made us, as we undoubtedly are, the most brilliant class which Ames High has ever graduated. Of course there is some hope for our Juniors, but we have our doubts about the Sophomores and Preps. Time, however, may improve even them, and if some of our dapper Seniors could see themselves as Preps again, we are afraid their conceit would be sadly punctured. We had an opportunity to glance over some first grade pictures a few days ago and we noticed especially one Senior, who is most noted for his resemblance to a Hart Schaffner & Marx advertisement, now, had evidently just finished making mud pies.

There were 98 of the class then and we had one man on the football team and some in basket ball.

With the proceeds from our tea stand at the Art Exhibit the class bought a picture which was donated to the study hall.

As Sophomores we "knew not that we knew not" as Mr. Caldwell says. The class did not organize that year and was too studious for frivolity. We were just then realizing our importance and were not concerned with parties. More men came out for athletics that year and did very good work.

When our Junior year came round we took on the appearance of a class. For the first time we organized. We elected Dorothy Bowdish president and she surely was a good one. Her pep was most admirable. There were several Juniors on the football squad and some out for basket ball and track.

On February 26, the class gave a hard times party in the gym. Quite a few of us looked natural in aprons and overalls.

The class seemed to lack the pep to have a Junior assembly but we gave the Seniors a reception at Alumni Hall. The Seniors gave us a picnic in old Chautauqua park where we had a jolly time and feasted on wienewursts and other good things which go to make up a picnic lunch.

Thus ended our Junior year with high hopes for the coming year.

So fortified with the nerve medicine willed us by the class of '15, we came back last fall to run the last lap of our race for diplomas. Whether we all have made the goal or not is not yet decided. Miss Ada Sprague has kept us running all year after history grades but some of us did not prove very good runners.

Tom Sloss was elected president last fall and has worked hard to fulfill our trust in him. He has succeeded—in spite of German—and we appreciate his efforts.

Those who have won honors for themselves and the class in football, basket ball and track during their career in A. H. S. are: Harold Nowlin, Dwight Britten, "Bill" Van Duzzer, Roy Stewart, Lester Swearingen, Glen McCannon, Ernest Risley, Harold Pammel, Tom Sloss, Walter Kloppenburg and DeVere McNeil.

On March 4th we entertained the faculty and ourselves in the H. S. Gym. From the *entrance* to the *cats*, it was a success and we appreciated the work of the committees.

On Friday evening, May 12, the Senior class play, "Anne of Old Salem," was given, under the direction of Miss Sprague, to a crowded Auditorium. The cast was: Hazel Kintzley, Dorothy Bowdish, Thelma Sealock, Jessie Brooks, Edith McDowell, Helen Raymond, Caroline Adams, David Ghrist, Donald Beam, Glen Morris, Wallace Longworth and Roy Stewart. The play was a success and the work of the cast was highly commended.

On May 13th the Juniors entertained us at Alumni Hall. They gave a good program and served delicious refreshments. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, especially Act I, Scene II.

Sixty-four are hoping to graduate in a few days. Thirty-four have dropped along the track or went to other schools to finish, but the sixty-four remaining have all won renown in one way or another. For instance there is Arthur Judge, in his eyes, which are a source of heart quakings to the Senior girls. Others are noted as follows:

Lois Russel, for her loyalty to the sons of A. H. S.

Sarah McElyea, for her ability to entertain Bill Heater in the Study Hall.

Ich McCannon, for his social ambitions.

Dale McCarty, for his desire to attain ability as a bicycle rider.

Gladys Ricketts, for her "outside activities."

Lester Swearingen, for his fondness for the East.

Myron Budd, for his stentorian voice.

Tom Sloss, for his purple shirt.

Mildred Minkler, for her long suit—a sweater.

Dorothy Bowdish, for her Ames High spirit.

As commencement draws near we look back with pleasure on the happy years in old A. H. S. and our best wishes go forth to the classes to graduate in the future.

"Oh don't you think you'd like to be a '16

A '16 with a record straight and clean

Juniors be diligent

With your sad fate be content

Do your level best to fill the place we have left."

—H. S. Z. and L. G.

CLASS PROPHECY

It has been many long years since the Class of 1916 graduated from Ames High School. Some time ago a longing came over me to know something of my classmates. I decided to look for them but it has been only through long weeks of search and tiresome travel that I am able to give an accurate account of what station in life each one now occupies. For the most parts the members of the class are a credit to the old School from which they graduated in 1916, but there are a few who have fallen far below what any of us expected. But since this is to be a truthful account of the class, I must reveal all.

Helen and Winifred Raymond were the first ones found. Both of them have graduated from Iowa State College and have taken a post graduate course in Vassar, majoring in Latin and History. Their education thus completed, they returned to Ames and are now filling the positions previously held by Misses Ada and Mildred Sprague.

Harold Pammel is now professor of forestry in I. S. C. He graduated from Cornell where he gained great fame as quarterback on the football team.

Sarah McElyea was found in New York City conducting a class in fancy dancing. We are not at all surprised at this as she was always an excellent dancer.

I found Myron Budd at West Gate. He is engaged as professor in the poultry department at I. S. C. Myron was wondering how he could ride to the city without breaking a dollar as he says as soon as he breaks a dollar it doesn't last him longer than two weeks.

Pearl Apland, Elsie McKibben, and Elsie Pearl Pontius are all teaching country school. They have never allowed romance to enter their lives as they think they can do more good in life by teaching the young soil tillers the rudiments of learning.

Glen McCannon entered into partnership with his father. They quarreled, however, and now he is at the head of a Matrimonial Bureau at Ontario, Iowa.

Irma Stansberry, the very boistrous girl as you remember was a failure at school teaching. She took up the cause of woman suffrage and is now traveling through the country giving speeches on "Votes for Women."

Harold B. Nowlin who while in High School was an athlete of no little renown is an old married man. His marriage, however, was expected. He now has a controlling interest in the Princess Theatre.

Helen Skelton Zenor instead of riding on the handle bars of the boys' bicycles has become a second Mary Pickford. Helen's daring feats are appalling and her films are eagerly sought.

While I was traveling around the world, the steamer stopped for a day in Manilla harbor. I traveled about the

city and was surprised to learn that Quentin G. Fernandez was mayor of the city.

Ernest L. Riseley, as it will be remembered, had high ambitions to become an athlete. His ambitions were realized when he reached I. S. C. as he became noted as an all American tackle. He is now an efficient member of the coaching staff at A. H. S. fl

Lilly Vivinna Nunamaker; what need be said of her? We all knew she would marry young. On leaving High School, she became the wife of a prominent Vet surgeon who now resides in Huxley, Iowa.

Everybody knew Delmar Schall's ambitions and you will not be surprised when you hear that he is leading the orchestra at the Palm Theatre.

Thelma Whitney Sealock, after graduating from Vassar with a degree as long as your arm, was united in marriage with a graduate from West Point and now resides in Hong Kong, China.

We cannot think of Miss Sealock without wondering about Leah Elizabeth Baker. She also followed her chum's example and married. Leah has not seen her chum for many years as her husband is a county engineer and his business is confined to a local district.

DeVere C. McNeil as will be remembered was a continual crabber and an excellent judge of pretty women. He is now known as Senator McNeil, from Iowa and is noted for his brilliant oratory. His old friends, however, still call him "Pecky" or "Crab."

William H. Van Duzer, better known as "Bill" or "Van," still believes his football career would have been a success had it not been for his wide step the night before the Nevada game. Van is sole owner of a peanut wagon and people say he is getting rich.

Caroline Adams. What does that name bring to you? Of course she is married. Nothing was left but for her to say yes. Who did she marry? Who dare ask that? Any one of us could answer that.

Tom Sloss; well, that name might also bring back some old memories. You no doubt remember that little girl, Jerry. Jerry moved from town to town and Tom found how lonesome life was without her. Tom is still herding sheep in Australia where he went to forget his lonesomeness.

Dale Wallace McCarty and Lester Van Swearingen are now serving a term in Sing Sing prison where they are confined on the charge of breaking and entering. They started this underhanded business when they were in Ames High,

Among the commercial students in our class who became prominent in the business world is Ethyl Grace Barker. Ethyl is now employed as cashier in the First National Bank at Napier, Iowa.

Viola Marie Pettit went West to take up a claim. She succeeded in being taken up and now is the ardent wife of a famous ranchman.

Clarence S. Smith held the record as a variety job man and he is now going "round and round" on a surveyor's transit for the city of Ames.

Gladys Sparks now holds the responsible position as head of the commercial department in Ames High.

Warren H. Canady is now a prominent New York detective and was instrumental in capturing and convicting Dale McCarty and Lester Swearingen.

Edith Elizabeth McDowell is clerking in Miller's ten-cent store.

Wallace H. Longworth was sent as foreign missionary to China, where he is converting the yellow race to the narrow path.

When I met Margaret Lysinger she told me to withhold her name from the manuscript.

Ruth M. Goodrich has married a famous Electrical Engineer and they are now in Germany trying to find enough iron to make a dollar.

Mary E. Ghrist, formerly from Ontario, has now moved to Shipley, Iowa, and is holding a position in the depot there rivaling the "Hazards of Helen."

Helen M. Oliver is doing her part for the good of humanity. Helen is employed in a printing office making ready colored maps for American and Modern History so that the pupils need not waste many useful hours in coloring them.

When we think of Jack Fairfield we also remember the name, Howard S. Hougland. The reason for this is that they both aspired to become naval officers. Did they succeed? Why of course they did, and their names stand high in naval affairs.

Max Reynolds will be remembered as the boy with a long pompadour on which he wore a rubber band to keep it from hanging in his eyes. Something dreadful has happened to him for he is bald and like Sampson, has lost his strength.

Lorenzo Dale Pierce. From that name one would think him to be an artist, but no such fate for Lorenzo. He is employed as elevator boy in the Douglas Hotel, where it is said he receives enough tips to buy a bicycle each week.

Ila May Wilcox, "Hi" for short, was a second likeness to Miss Livingston and the board of education couldn't refuse the application for position of physical director when she applied. Ila has done a great thing for the school as she has created an interest for athletics among the girls and now the games are well attended by the fair sex.

Florence N. Pepper. Yes, she did get married as everyone thought. Florence, however, has made herself famous as a musician.

J. Arthur Judge is now sole owner of the Ames Union Delivery as successor to A. E. Nowlin.

Roy F. Stewart, as we remember him, was an actor and an athlete. He has placed his two talents together and is now a clown with Ringling Bros.' circus.

Mildred Irene Minkler. What could we expect of her? Why, of course, she is married, but not to anyone who ever attended Ames High, for as you know, she always tired of every H. S. boy very quickly.

Doris Wilson made herself famous by writing a Latin translation of Caesar, Cicero and Virgil. These translations were bound in a cheap cover so they could be sold for the small sum of twenty-five cents. The object was to induce more pupils to take the four-year Latin course.

Gladys Marie Ricketts, to whom we always used to go for the latest scandal, is still speaking scandal. What would be more natural of her?

Our most estimable friend, Pearl Cameron, is a poetess of world-wide fame. She has published over one hundred volumes of her poetry. In the last five years she has been traveling in all parts of the world reading her poems before large and enthusiastic audiences.

Walter Kloppenburg resides in Billings, Montana. He has settled down to a quiet, peaceful life with a girl from Spencer, Iowa. Walter practices medicine between meals and during his spare time he leads the Billings Concert Band.

Jessie Brooks after leaving school became a prominent figure in U. S. preparedness. At the present Jessie is in charge of a regiment composed wholly of women.

Glen Morris has become chief of the Ames Fire Department. This position suits Glen very well as he can be with his most ardent friend, Oscar McCoy.

We saw Dorothy Bowdish in a well equipped newspaper office in Philadelphia. She is editor of the paper. Since she graduated with us from Ames High she has taken the degrees of B. A., M. A., and Ph. D.

Donald Beam, that awful restless boy, you know, was addicted to the habit of catching mice. Donald never got over this habit and is now in the Canary Islands catching Canaries for the Iowa Seed Company.

Raymond Langland entered musical comedy. If one would look in any prominent magazine they could see his name written high on the role of fame in his line of work.

Hazel Kintzley, true to our expectations, became a reader and is now giving her productions on Chautauqua platforms.

James Likely said that every man had his mission in the world, whether it be great or small. James proved his point as he is now using the best of his ability as the first Socialist mayor of Ames.

Eldon Cox became a prominent osteopath doctor, graduating from Still College. Eldon had many patients until his hand was cut off in a railroad accident. With this deficiency Eldon could not practice any more and now he is fixing umbrellas about the streets.

Mabel Dobbe was always a serious and well-meaning girl but accidents will befall the best of us, so it did with her. The accident that brought about her downfall was nothing more than teaching English in Huxley High School.

James Dillon Wiseman, after graduation, became interested in aeroplanes. Dillon won fame as being the first man to fly across the Atlantic ocean. This feat was accomplished without a single fall.

Lois Russel became prominent as a naturalist. Her greatest achievement was to make potatoes grow on apple trees.

Feryl Jones, who you remember as being a quiet, self-conscious girl, suddenly became rich. In order to make her money do the best she knew how, she erected an orphans' home in Des Moines, Iowa.

Last, but not least, we come to Hester Crosby and with her winning ways soon found herself a mate. Hester now resides in Story City, Iowa, where her husband is coaching the Story City High School football team. We wonder who her husband is.
Dwight Britten.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

1. For the school we love so well
We will make our futures tell,
Faith and love we'll show for thee.
We will each forever be
Loyal to you, old Ames High.
2. Of these years we now have passed
Memories will ever last
And toward you we'll ever lean
We're your class of year '16.
We honor you, dear old Ames High.

Chorus:

We're the largest class that old Ames High School
Has ever sent from her parental door;
We have quantity and quality, and lots of good
old pep.
A mighty class numbering sixty-four.

Hazel Kintzley.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of Ames High School, being of feeble health and failing fast, do hereby, with the few brains we have left from our freshman year, give, bequeath and devise, in our last will and testament, these few little jewels and chestnuts:

To the Juniors, we bequeath the glory and responsibility of being the wisest in the High School.

To the Preps as a whole, we bequeath a generous bouquet of dandelions prepared especially for them in the school green-houses.

To the Sophs, we leave nothing as they have nothing and deserve nothing.

To "Yens" Larson, we leave one steel helmet to be worn when he sweeps.

To Ada Sprague, we leave the free use of the third floor as a dance hall during the noon hour.

Tom Sloss leaves his "Pratt" behind him to—well, let's see—who would take her?—why, to the associated charities, of course.

Dale McCarty leaves one good black mask, a dark lantern in good condition, a jimmy, and a "gat" to Preston Niles.

To "Izzy" Valentine, we Seniors bequeath a silver scoop, in recognition of her services as a representative from Ames High to all college functions.

Pecky McNeil and Pearl Cameron leave that dark corner on third to Douglas Waitley and Dorothy Haniman.

"Vernon Castle" McCannon, the boy dancing marvel, has retired and leaves the fifteen cents (15c) he owes the attorney who drew up this will, unpaid. He knows he has a safe "Gamble."

"Tub" Russel leaves her favorite prescription for a weight reducer to Franky Sours.

"Scoop Warsparrow" Canady bequeaths a pair of kakahi riding trousers, a pair of cotton flannel gloves and all his experience to his only heir and follower, H. Loughran.

Harry Thurresson leaves his American History text book to the Blind Charities.

Helen and Winifred Raymond leave Ada Sprague's affection to anyone who can get it.

Doris Wilson leaves to her assistant, Miss Coskery, one Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for careful study.

Dwight Britten leaves to his partner and natural successor, Franky Sowers, his affection for Rose Valere Johnson.

The rest of you who have not been mentioned, are in good with the class, so we bequeath to you all the joy and pleasure we have found in school life, which, with the above mentioned, form the entire fortune of our class.

Witnesses:

Wallace Larson
James Mullica

Signed:

The Senior Class
Their? Mark

AMES HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Friday evening, May 12	Senior Class Play "Anne of Old Salem"
Saturday evening, May 13	Junior Reception to Seniors
Friday evening, May 26	Class Day Program
Sunday evening, May 28	Annual Class Sermon Rev. A. W. Caul
Friday evening, June 2	Commencement Program Address by Dr. A. P. Leamer

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Part I.

Address of Welcome	Roy Stewart
History of Class	Read by Helen Zenor
Class Prophecy	Read by Pearl Apland
Class Will	Lester Swearingen

Part II.

Comedy—"Diamonds and Hearts."

CAST

Bernice Halstead—A young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love of fun and a hatred of arithmetic	Gladys Ricketts
Amy Halstead—Her sister, two years younger. Fond of frolic	Mildred Minkler
Inez Gray—A young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun	Hester Crosby
Mrs. Halstead—A widow, and stepmother to the Halstead girls	Ila Wilcox
Hannah Mary Barnes, or "Sis"—A maiden lady who keeps house for her brother	Sarah McElyea
Dwight Bradley—A fortune-hunter, and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage	Warren Canady
Dr. Burton—A young physician	Tom Sloss
Sammy—The darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house	Lura Gamble
Abraham Barnes, or "Bub"—A young Yankee farmer still unmarried at forty. A diamond in the rough ..	Dale McCarty
Attorney	James Likely
Sheriff	Eldon Cox

Curtain.

Class Song.

By Hazel Kintzley.



SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"Anne of Old Salem."

Under the direction of Miss Mildred Sprague, High School Auditorium, Friday evening, May 12, 1916.

CAST

Goodwife Ellinwell Caroline Adams
 "Anne" Ellinwell Dorothy Bowdish
 Roger Hardman David Ghrist
 Ezekial Brown—"happy with either were t'other poor damsel
 away" Glen Morris
 Phyllis, an English visitor at Hardman's Thelma Sealock
 Nathan Ellingwell, brother of Anne Donald Beam
 Ruth, of the despised Quaker faith Pearl Apland
 Mistress Hardman Hazel Kintzley
 Peace Atkins Helen Raymond
 Piety and Truth, two souls with but a single thot
 Jessie Brooks and Edith McDowell
 Rev. Cotton Mather Wallace Longworth
 Captain Hardman Roy Stewart

TIME—Spring of 1692. In this year 19 persons in Salem were hung for witchcraft.

ACT I—Kitchen in Goodwife Ellinwell's cottage.

ACT II—Captain Hardman's Parlor (two days later.)

ACT III—Same as Act II (one day later.)

Music furnished by Miss Neva Gates, Mr. W. E. Pollard, Miss Doris Wilson.

Business Manager—Lester Swearingen.

Stage Manager—Harold Pammel.

Assistant Stage Manager—DeVere McNeil.

Electrician—Dwight Britten.

The Witches' Scene From MacBeth

Macbeth Myron Budd

Witches Doris Wilson, Margaret Lysinger, Leah Baker

Under the direction of Misses Louise Coskery and
 Lena Livingstone.

SENIOR ADS

Glenn R. Morris—Jack of All Trades. Anything done from drawing American history maps to running pa's buggy wagon. Shifting scenery for all stunts in town a specialty. Price—a pleasant smile and a "Thank You, Newt."

A new remedy for making your hair nice and curly. Only \$2.00 per ounce.—Caroline Adams.

A new book on etiquette. How to be nice and quiet in the presence of people. 98c.—Pearl Apland.

New Musical instrument—which when turned differently will imitate everything from a bass drum to an aeolian harp.—Jack Fairfield.

White wash guaranteed not to rub off or rust. 20c a quart.—Ethyl Barker.

Anyone wishing to add a special species of rats or mice to their collection, please make wishes known to proprietor of the foundling asylum.—Donald Beam.

Booklet just copyrighted; contains all the questions and answers which Miss Sprague has ever thought of or ever will. Just the thing for history students. Special price, 39c per volume. Come early and avoid the rush.—Dorothy Bowdish.

A new concoction, which, when taken, will enable you to talk like lightning and enlarge your vocabulary. Write to me for further particulars.—Dwight Britten.

A new worry remover. Just use your subconscious mind. If you can't get rid of your worries, tell them to me and I'll help you. 50c a treatment.—Jessie Brooks.

Help for the lovelorn. Address Editor of the "Fussers' Bureau" for advice.—Myron Budd.

Do you wish to be light and graceful? My lessons and aesthetic dancing will help you. 15c straight or two for a quarter.—Warren Canady.

Lost—Three blonde hairs. Finder please return as I need them, and receive your reward, their weight in gold.—Eldon Cox.

New methods of giggling. No springs or screws are needed. Just something funny to start on.—Hester Crosby.

Will sell a spring from the tree of knowledge. Cheap at the price of \$50.00.—Quentin Fernandez.

Electric house cleaner. Does all your house cleaning while you wait. Reduced price of \$250.00.—Leah Baker.

Wanted—A parish in some quiet little village in which to work out my theological views.—James Likely.

Lessons on election. A wonderful benefit to the human race. \$1.00 per lesson.—Max Reynolds.

Why not have beautiful curly hair? My method is very simple and satisfactory to all who have tried it. Your hair made curly over night or money back. Free demonstration on living models.—Mildred Minkler.

If you have any trouble with your school work, write for my "Electric Arc," which will throw light on any subject. Price 98c.—Walter Kloppenburg.

Why are you fat? Why not become comfortable? My new compound makes you feel and look ten years younger. Five cents per box.—Helen Oliver.

Be a regular Cupid. Love in match making. Get appointments early.—Harold Pammel.

Why not have a beautiful complexion? Win the admiration of all your friends. Use my wonderful compound to produce rosy cheeks and to keep the nose from shining.—Vina Nunamaker.

Try a bottle of my eloquence oil. Can be purchased at any of the leading drug stores in your city. Price \$2.00.—Pearl Cameron.

How to make brown eyes soft and beautiful. Write to me for particulars.—Lura Gamble.

New book on the latest styles. Hurry and get one before I decide to change them. Price 69c.—David Ghrist.

Have just perfected the mechanical doll dance. The hit of the season. \$2.00 per lesson.—Mary Ghrist.

Be Good and get rich. For information, send self-addressed stamped envelope.—Ruth Goodrich.

Private lessons given in physics. Will teach you in one lesson, what otherwise requires two. Prepare for college. Cheap at 75c per lesson.—Winifred Raymond.

Is American history hard for you? Tell me your trouble and I'll see what I can do. 10c for the information.—Helen Raymond.

A device for Piercing deep into the roots of knowledge. It requires only a short time to learn how. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.—Dale Pierce.

Try some of my famous Pepper. For the students who are lazy. Free sample on request.—Florence Pepper.

If you have a foolish idea or notion, don't Pett-it, as it will soon become uncontrollable. Let me tell you how to conquer it.—Marie Pettit.

The Sealock Vocal Lubricator—An expensive oil obtained from the west central part of the moon. Used as a lubrication for the vocal organs. Enables one to talk as fast as—Oh my! See me for special price.—Thelma Sealock.

Wanted—A chance to graduate in the class of '17. They say third time is charm. If anyone knows of a method by which they can aid me by gaining admission to said class, please wire at my expense.—Clarence Smith.

For Sale—The Gladys "Sparks Plug." Can be used for any kind of sparks, but most useful on dark summer evenings, while strolling among the lilacs and roses. Free trial. Ask for appointment.—Gladys Sparks.

Wanted—Some bright young man to go into partnership with me in the school teaching business. I had intended starting alone, but decided that it would be too lonesome. Private try-outs for the position any time between now and September.—Irma Stansberry.

Try my correspondence course in psychology. Teaches you how to speak before the public without getting "fussed." After a few of my lessons, one gains the composure of which I am so noted far and wide as a public speaker.—Roy Stewart.

Marriage Bureau—List your names with me. I guarantee good matches. Prices, if successful in marriage, \$2.00. Flirting only as long as it lasts, \$5.98 per month.—Lester Swearingen.

Lessons on how to chew gum correctly. Without wasting a whole lot of foot-pounds of energy. Pupil please bring enough gum for two. 50c a lesson.—Elsie Pontius.

Wanted—A position as teacher of a kindergarten school. Good references from Ames High School.—Mabel Dobbe.

For Sale—The good old tool—La Conversatione. Concealed easily in the roof of the mouth and supplies a steady flow of witty remarks, which are sure to captivate the college boys. Price 25c.—Gladys Ricketts.

Do you want beautiful hair like mine? Try a bottle of my marvelous Riseley hair dye. Price \$2.50 a bottle.—Ernest Risely.

Just Out—My new Fussers' Manual. Latest authority on social etiquette, love-making, spooning, etc. Just the thing for the beginner. Price \$1.00. Money back if results are not obtained.—Lois Russell.

Music lessons on the violin. Taught by my personal method. Prices to pretty and popular girls, time only, to others see me for rates.—Delmar Schaal.

Be a shark in American History. Send for my new book on "Kidding and Bluffing by Teachers." Can be purchased on the installment plan. 25c down and 5c a week until the course is completed.—Howard Hougland.

Special Dancing Lessons—Why not be a graceful dancer. It will help you wonderfully in your social career. Lessons from seven to twelve on Wednesday. Price \$5.00.—Feryl Jones.

All information given free of charge on the latest styles and hair dressing for women and girls.—Arthur Judge.

I welcome you to my hair-dressing parlor at Tilden's Store basement. Guarantee my methods original and promise astonishing results. Come early and avoid the rush.—Hazel Kintzley.

You can become tall and stately. Increase your height from one to eight inches. Use my new method. Guaranteed not to shrink back after obtaining desired results.—Raymond Langland.

Buy my jumping jacks. They will delight the children as well as yourselves. Price Two Cents.—Harold Nowlin.

The New Century Book of Knowledge. Information on all subjects complete and authoritative on the following: science, history, literature, art and oratory. Price 15c—Wallace Longworth.

Become a nurse. We have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn ten to twenty-five dollars a week as nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse."—Margaret Ly-singer.

Do drop into my panatorium and get your clothes cleaned and pressed. I make a specialty of cleaning and pressing ladies' finery.—Glen McCannon.

Now on the market—a book of my latest jokes. Guaranteed to be entirely original and affectatious, including also one chapter on my past experiences and travels. Prices, cloth bound, \$2.00; Leather bound, \$5.00.—Dale McCarty.

The knowledge factory best chocolate creams. Strictly pure and wholesome. Very tempting and delicious. Splendid Christmas and graduation gifts. \$5.00 per pound.—Edith McDowell.

You need no longer be ashamed of your bashfulness or your disability to talk in public. My remedy is simple and cannot be better. Sample tonic given free on request.—Sarah McElyea.

I have now placed on market my automatic spade. Guaranteed to be constant digger. Goes deep and sticks.—Elsie McKibben.

Let me install the new "Get Out of It" System. Should be in every home where there are lazy boys.—DeVere McNeil.

Official Notice. After this date I will not be responsible for dates contracted for by my wife. Anyone allowing himself to become her creditor, does so at his own risk.—Tom Sloss.

For Sale—My interest in the Princess Theatre. I have decided to reform and will sell reasonably to anyone who knows no better. William Van Duzer.

Get my New Book. "How to Grow Lengthy." Explains the proper use of sour pickles and broom sticks. Don't be stubby. Sent by wireless, 97c.—Ila Wilcox.

Read my new book on the "Three 'Wisemen,'" written by a Wiseman himself. \$1.98.—Dillon Wiseman.

Watch Main Street for the style shows which I conduct personally every time I get a new assortment. Nothing but the most ridiculous will be shown on the street. If pleased, tell me, if not, tell others.—Helen Zenor.

For Sale—My chance for a college education. I have decided not to go to college, as I know more than any college professor. So, what's the use? Ask "papa" for terms.—Doris Wilson.

EPITAPHS

Irma Stansberry:

Here lies one who was choked to death while trying to swallow some of the questions in the teachers' examination on May 18, 1916.

William Van Duzer:

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know
That death has murdered Willie,
And here his body lies far below,
For soul he ne'r had any.—Apologies to Burns.

Ila Wilcox:

Know thou, O Senior, to the fame
Of this much loved, much honored name,
For none that knew her need be told
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.
—Apologies to Burns.

Gladys Ricketts:

Here under this stone lies the bones of Gladys Marie, who died from over work the last week of her strenuous life in A. H. S.

Clarence Smith—In Memoriam:

To the one, who, when he received his diploma, fell in a faint and never revived.

Helen Zenor:

Here lies the remains of the renowned Helen Skelton Zenor. Gone, but not forgotten.

Gladys Sparks:

Here lies Gladys Sparks,
Who could not stand to be
Such a notable shark
In American history.

Tom Sloss:

Tom Sloss' well worn clay here lies,
Ye noble Seniors, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise
Ye'll mend e're ye win near him
—Apologies to Burns.

Delmar Schaal:

Died from mortification in a concert in Chicago, May 1, 1918.

Roy Stewart—In Memoriam:

To the one of our number who was drowned in the South Sea while in command of the expedition in search of the South Pole.

Thelma Sealock:

Here lie the remains of Thelma Sealock, who was smothered to death on the evening of May 12, 1916.

Dillon Wiseman:

"His deeds shall live after him."

Lester Swearingen:

Here are the remains of Lester,
Who in English gained great renown;
He wrote the Seniors' last will,
And now is wearing a crown.

Ernest Risley:

Stop, Senior, my story's brief
And truth I shall relate, man
I tell nae common tale of grief,
For Ernest was a great man.—Apologies to Burns.

Lois Russell:

This noble Senior did always hustle,
But now she is quiet—no more to "Russell."

Doris Wilson:

Here lies Doris Wilson, who died of brain fever while in the pursuit of knowledge. She was found stiff and cold in seat 22, row 1 of the Study Hall.

Here lies the remains of Caroline Adams, who died of "heart trouble," caused by reading the Orange "Judd" Farmer too much.

In memory of Pearl Apland, who suddenly passed away while giving dancing lessons.

Leah Baker—Her remains were passed by the National Board of Censorship, so do not be surprised if you meet her later.

In memory of the remains of Ethel Barker, who was swallowed by a whale while fishing in the Arctic Ocean.

Here lies the remains of Donald Beam, who died of overexposure to the climate of Africa while searching for the Fountain of Youth.

In memory of Dorothy Bowdish, who suddenly died of overwork while editing the Kelly Daily Times.

Dwight Britten—Received a fatal shock while acting as electrician of the Senior Class Play. The majority of us will meet him later.

In memory of Jessie Brooks, who was killed by the heathens while acting as missionary.

Here lies the remains of Myron Budd, who was shot by an anarchist while acting as chief janitor for the White House.

In memory of Pearl Cameron, who passed away while trying to write a poem about her classmates.

Warren Canaday—Was overcome by poisonous gases while leading an army into South Africa. Aspired to be a great general.

In memory of Eldon Cox, who was hanged by the German government while acting as minister from the United States.

Helen Crosby—Died with great things unaccomplished.

Here lies the ashes of Mabel Dobbe, who died in prison, after leading a great suffragette raid.

In memory of Jack Fairfield, who died from the effects of the continual use of anti-fat.

Quentin Fernandez:

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake, forbear

To dig the dust enclosed here.

Blest be the man that spares the stones,

And cursed be he that moves my bones.”

Apologies to Shakespeare.

Lura Gamble:

Here lies Lura Gamble, who died while cranking her car in South America.

David Ghrist:

Poor man, was stoned and whipped to death by merchants of Ames while acting as business manager of the Spirit.

Mary E. Ghrist:

May she ever rest in peace.

Howard Hougland:

Lived a strenuous life and died suddenly when he was requested to take an American history exam.

Ruth Goodrich:

Died on the Keys of a typewriter.

Feryl Jones:

May others follow where I have trod.

Arthur Judge:

Short in life and stature.

Hazel Kintzley:

Died May 12, 1916. “What has she done?”

Walter Kloppenburg:

Stepped into the unknown.

James Likely:

"Let the world go on."

Wallace Longworth:

May he rest peacefully.

Margaret Lysinger:

Never said anything of anybody, so can't say anything of her.

Glen McCannon:

Died dancing with a dancing fever.

Dale McCarty:

Was shot as a German spy in New York City.

Edith McDowell:

May there be truth in all things.

Sarah McElyea:

Tho in her grave she lies,
Her spirit walks in Paradise.

Florence Pepper:

The good die young.

Harold Newlin:

He fell asleep in the Study Hall,
And no one remembered to wake him at all.

Winifred and Helen Raymond:

Side by side their life they spent,
Side by side to the grave they went.

Mildred Minkler:

Only those whose hearts are true,
Live to be the age of you.

Elsie McKibben:

She always spoke with an exclamation,
And she finally died of nervous prostration.

Marie Pettit:

The best of teachers was Miss Marie
For she died teaching children the A B C.

Dale Pierce:

Because the girls held so large a part,
He was pierced in the heart by Cupid's dart.

Glen Morris:

"He was full of joke and jest
But all his merry quips are o'er."

—Death of the Old Year.

Vina Nunamaker:

She died of disappointed love, poor dear.

Harold Pammel:

He died from the effects of a mad dog's bite,
When once he stayed out too late at night.

DeVere McNeil:

He was drowned in the Gulf of Mexico,
For the waves came up and the winds did blow,
And the poor boy had never learned how to row.

Elsie Pontius:

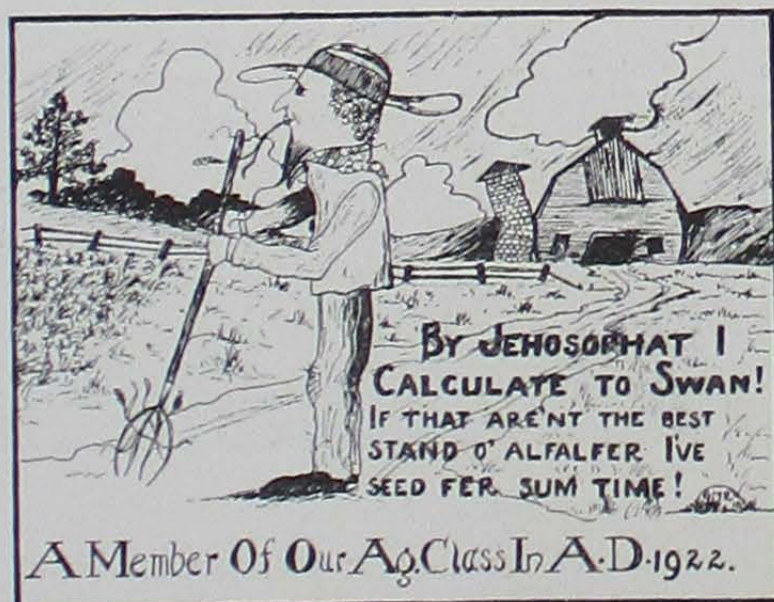
She was a pudding out of a book,
And that was the last of the poor little cook.

Helen Oliver:

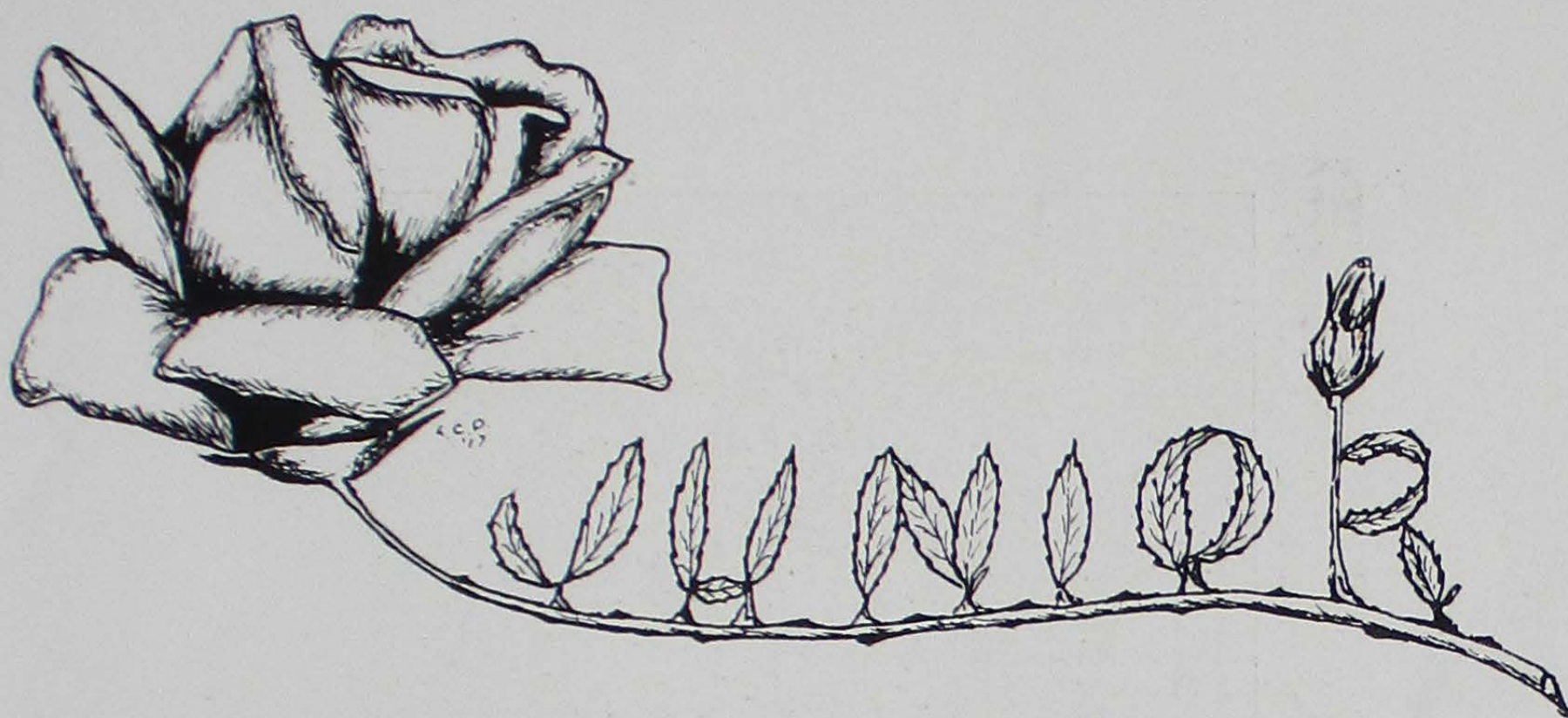
"She was modest as a violet;
Shy and retiring."

Max Reynolds:

Went crazy over motorcycles, and died.







In spite of a drenching rain to dampen their spirits, the Juniors entertained the Seniors in style at Alumni Hall, Saturday, May 13. A good attendance enjoyed the following program:

Welcome, an evening in three acts.

ACT I.

Scene I, Autographs; Scene II, "Beans."

Scene I furnished an excellent opportunity for forming new acquaintances, while the second scene soon proved their knowledge of the rudiments of grammar, since for every personal pronoun used in conversation, the user paid a forfeit of a bean. This scene embodied much action.

ACT II.

Welcome Address.....Ruby Wasser
Solo.....Jessie Moreland, Enid Edwards, acc.
Reading.....Evelyn Tripp
Mlle. Felix.....Mind Reader

Following Act II, couples marched to the dining room, where an excellent luncheon was served. With Ted Russell acting as toastmaster, speeches were made by: Tom Sloss, Senior Class president; Miss Dorothy Bowdish, Mr. Caldwell and Miss Coskery, faculty advisor of the entertainment. There were no volunteers.

Those who did not have the privilege of being present simply don't know what they missed.





The Sophomore Class has had a pleasant year even if it has been one full of hard work. The officers of the class are:

Barclay Noble—President.

Mabel Rogers—Vice-president.

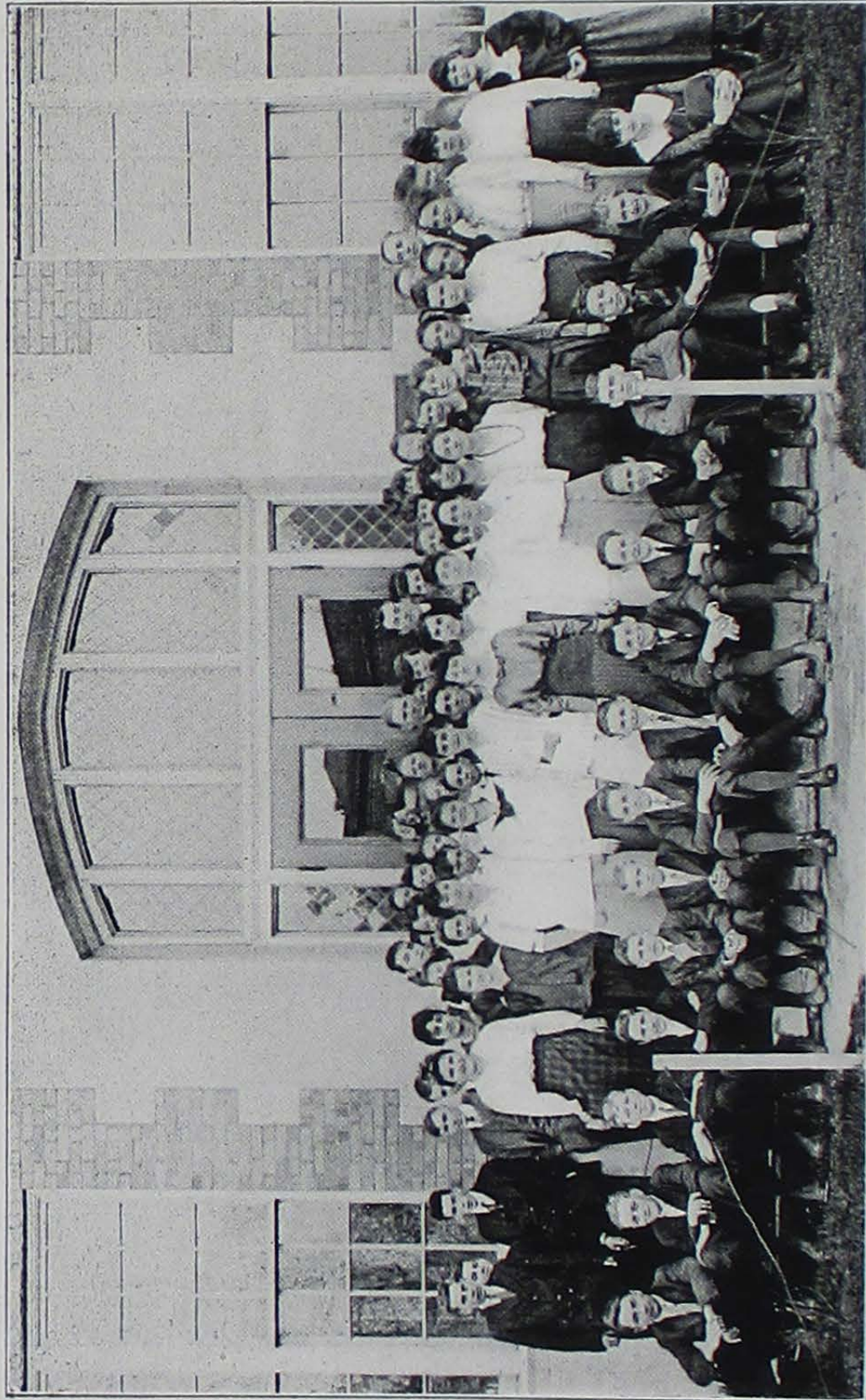
Theresa Judge—Secretary and Treasurer.

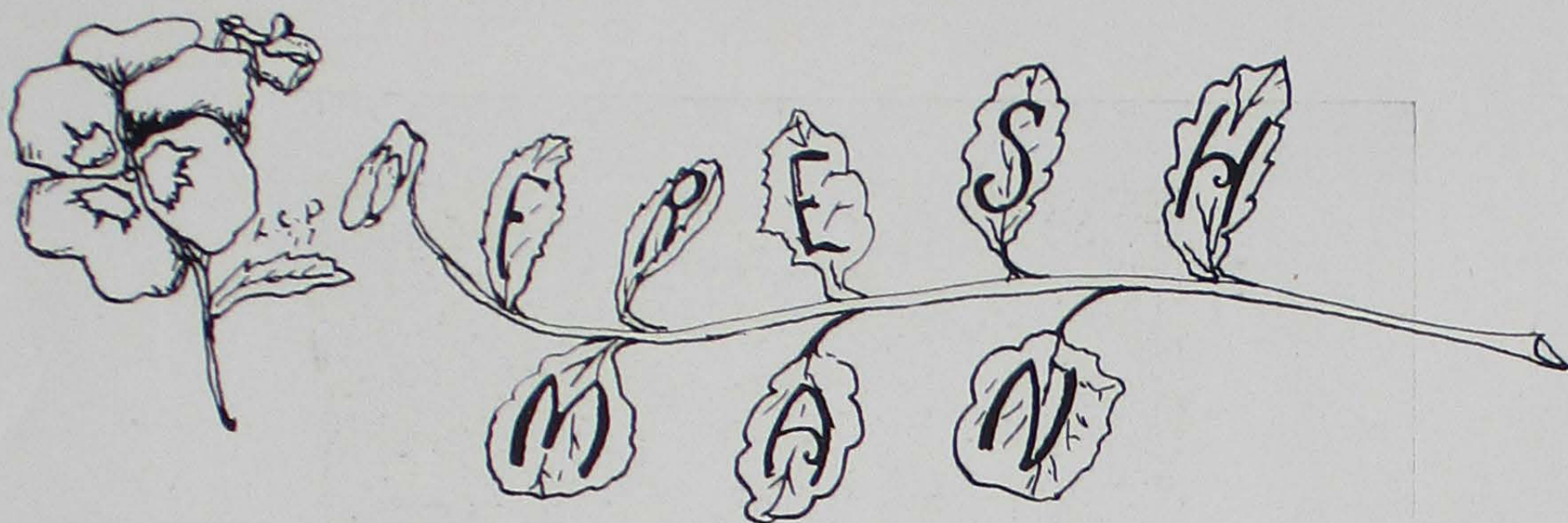
Thomas Musson—Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

Victor Beach—Reporter.

The year has not been very eventful in regard to social events, but it has been one of gain and accomplishment, so that when we shall look back upon it in later years, it will seem one of the best and most eventful years in our life.

—V. B., Reporter.





The Freshman Class held a meeting Wednesday, April 12, 1916. It was decided to have a picnic the following Saturday. The boys promised to furnish ice cream and hayracks and the following committee was appointed for refreshments:

Loraine Caul—Chairman.

Dorothy Gruwell.

Margaret Sloss.

Marie Mortenson.

Fern Groves.

Everyone was ready to go Saturday but it was raining some early in the morning and by 1:30, the time set for starting, it was raining so hard that the picnic was postponed and has never been, yet.

The officers for the past year were:

President—Gifford Terry.

Vice-president—Warren Rinehart.

Secretary and Treasurer—Priscilla Dobbs.

Class Reporter—Eleanor Murray.

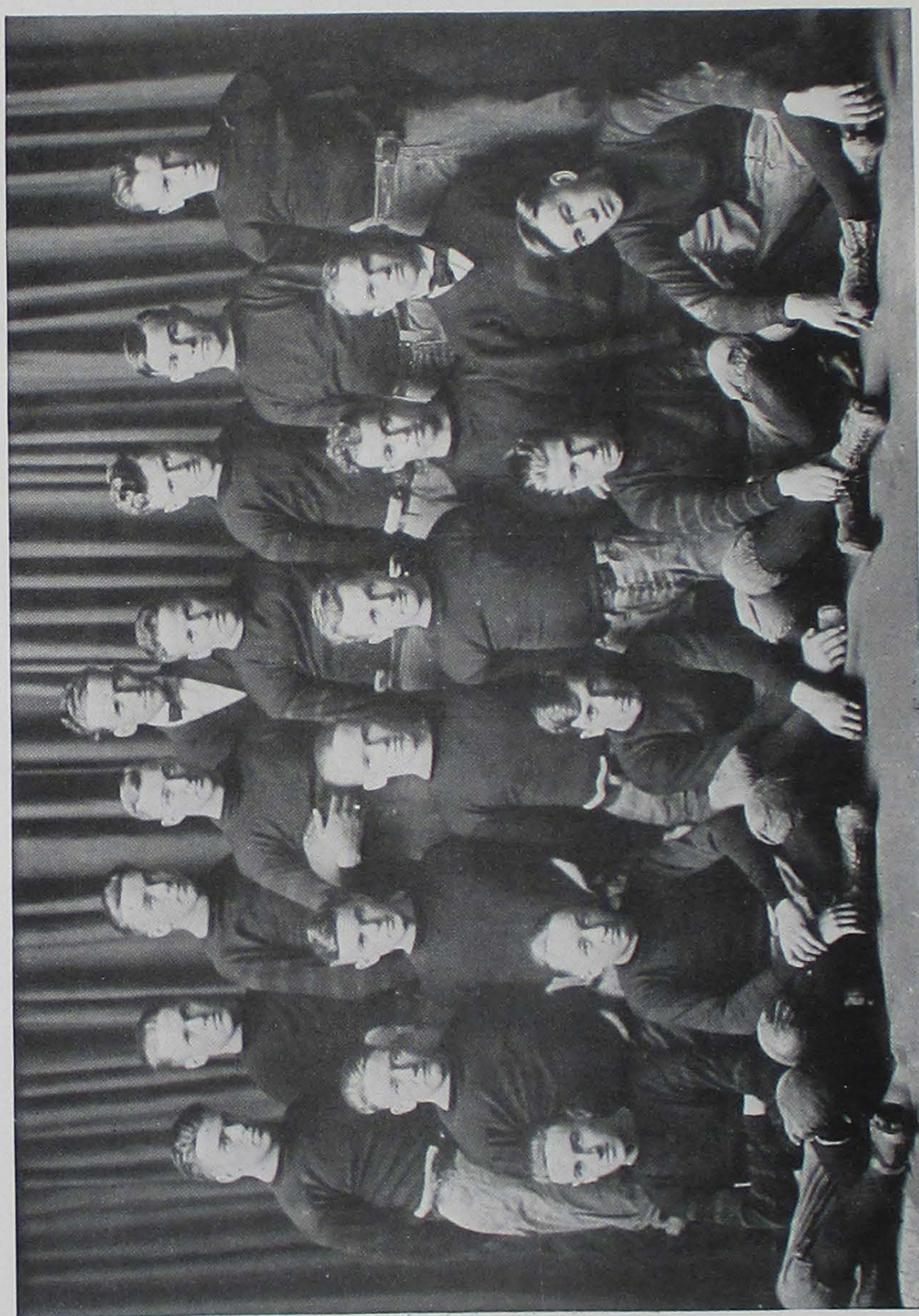
A Bit of Advice to the Passing Seniorss

When you are down in the mouth think of Jonah; he came out alright.

Let your head save your heels, a minute of think is worth more than an hour of hustle.

It is better not to know so much than to know so much it isn't so.

Just quite whatever you do do
And begin whatever you don't;
For what you don't do may agree with you,
As whatever you do do don't.





FOOTBALL

Ames	51	Nevada	0
Ames	20	Newton	2
Ames	26	Perry	0
Ames	0	Boone	0
Ames	14	Ft. Dodge	26
Ames	7	Eagle Grove	13
Ames	13	West Waterloo	0
Ames	6	Marshalltown	0
137		41	

The above shows a very successful year for football, and with Terry, Waitley, Murphey, Posegate, Steigerwalt, Speers, Hammond, Devorack, Ewing, and Deal to fill the place left vacant by the graduation of Class, Stewart, Thureson, Pammel, Nowlin, and Risley next season are being looked forward to by all for a good team. A good schedule has been almost completed for next semester. The games arranged to date are:

September 30—Algona at Algona.
 October 7—Perry at Perry.
 October 14—Ft. Dodge at Ft. Dodge.
 October 21—Eagle Grove at Ames.
 October 28—Open.
 November 4—Cedar Rapids at Ames.
 November 11—Marshalltown at Marshalltown.
 November 18—Boone at Ames.
 November 25—North High at Ames.
 November 30—Nevada at Ames.

A game was scheduled with Indianola but had to be broken on account of a conflict in their schedule.

Thompson is doing all in his power to make next year's team a winner. Spring football practice is being held every Tuesday and Thursday nights. These were begun as soon as

the ground was firm, and are to be continued until school is out, if enough report. No scrimmage work is being done. The work is more to get the men used to handling the ball and to understand the signals.

TRACK

The first call for track candidates was issued March 13. For awhile practice was held in the gymnasium, but as the squad increased and the working required more room, the squad was removed to the I. S. C. gym until the weather became warm enough to go outdoors. The tryouts for the Drake relay carnival were held April 13. A medley team—Pammel, Swearingen, Glass, and Deal, was entered, but they failed to place.

The home meet was held Saturday morning, May 6. Much interest was taken in this and all the classes were well represented. All the events were close and hotly contested. The meet soon took the form of two meets. One between the Seniors and Juniors for first, and the Sophomores and Freshmen, who were out of the race for first and second, for third. Every thing had been run off by 12:30 except the half and mile relay and the broad jump; but as everybody was beginning to miss their dinners, the track meet was postponed until Monday. The Seniors were two points ahead of the Juniors and the Sophomores one-half point ahead of the Freshmen, so the three new events Monday could change the place of any team. The Seniors took first in all three things, thereby taking first. The Juniors were second, the Freshmen third, and the Sophomores fourth.

Lerdahl had an individual score of 27. Pammel was second with 26.

A cup was offered by Jobby Jenson for the winning team. The team winning it two times gets permanent possession of it. We wish to thank Mr. Jenson for the cup and for the interest he has shown in our school's athletics.

Swearingen and Pammel were sent to Grinnell. Swearingen took the high jump, beating our old friend, Adolphus Cretsinger, who holds the state record, out of the first place. Pammel placed fourth in the 100-yd. dash and broad jump, but no points were awarded for fourth place. Gold, silver and bronze medals were given for first, second and third places, respectively.

A meet is to be held at Ogden May 20, with Boone, Ogden and Lohrville.



BASKET BALL

Ames	17	Marshalltown	49
Ames	15	Indianola	18
Ames	14	Nevada	16
Ames	11	Marshalltown	50
Ames	34	Nevada	15
Ames	8	Boone	29
Ames	38	Ogden	19
Ames	60	Ogden	6
Ames	8	Boone	14

Though not as successful as football in the number of games won, the basketball season was successful in many ways. It showed a successful team can not be had unless those who can play get eligible and those who are eligible get out and play. The student body failed to give the team any backing in the games and the team should be given credit for what they did under the circumstances.

The class games next year are to be through before the holidays and with more time to practice and more men to pick from, a better team should be had next year.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

WARREN E. POLLARD, DIRECTOR; DELMAR SCHAAAL,
RUTH PHILO, CARL BRILEY, VIOLINS; THOMAS MUSSON,
DOUGLAS WAITLEY, CLAUDE SCARBOROUGH, CORNETS;
JAMES LIKELY, TROMBONE; LAWRENCE MURPHY, PIANO.

"Y. M. C. A."

The three-fold purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to develop the three phases of a boy's life "Spirit, Mind and Body."

It is necessary in order to have a well rounded character, to develop the three in unision and to a like degree.

The development of one or two is not conducive to the highest type of manhood. However, since this "Y" is in a school where both mind and body are well taken care of, the "Y" aims to take the Spirit in hand and develop it, if possible, to as high a degree as the others, and to help our boys to be examples of the highest type of Christian manhood attainable.

On April 11, the Y. M. C. A. held its annual election for next year's cabinet, the following officers being elected:

Gifford C. Terry, President.

Bernard F. Irwin, Vice-president.

Carnie H. Dunkle, Secretary.

Willis Belnap, Treasurer.

Paul Potter, Chairman of Bible Committee.

Bernard Irwin, Chairman of Membership Committee.

Claude Scarborough, Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

Requirements for Admissions

Members of the upper classes of Ames High School are always welcomed as members. Freshmen will not be admitted except upon application to the cabinet, which may grant or refuse memberships.



THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT EVER HELD IN JUNE.

On Friday evening, June 8, the graduating exercises of the class of '88 of A. H. S. was held in the new Methodist church.

Invocation—Rev. J. D. Wells.

Chorus—"The Old Nest"—By Class.

Salutatory—Ruth Duncan (Tilden).

Oration—"Pussy Wants a Corner"—Blanch Soper (Deacon).

The Prophecy—Lillian Paxton (Marston).

Music—Vocal solo—Stella Bartlett.

Oration—"Parasites"—Frank Meredith.

History of Class—Harriett Fitchpatrick (Wright).

Oration—"Unpolish Diamonds"—Minnie Adams (Potter).

Music—Piano solo—Jennie Westerman "LeReviel du Lion."

Oration—"Mental Culture"—Hattie Christman (Dodds).

Val-Oration—"Yourself and Your Country"—Lynn Chevalier (Adams).

Music—Piano solo—Rilla Giddings.

Address to the Class—Hon. J. L. Stevens.

Presentation of Diplomas—D. A. Bigelow, Pres. of Board.

Response by Class of '89—Wilson Rich.

Benediction—Rev. A. L. Hunt.

Class Motto—"Not Ended But Begun."

In this same class Ella Dodds (Morris) and Jessie Maxwell received diplomas.

The Class Reception was held at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Adams on Douglass Ave.

The exercises of the Alumni was held at the Methodist and afterwards adjourned to the Masonic hall, where the business meeting and sociable was held.

Miss Agatha West (Ramsey), president.

The graduates of the school named number 67.

George Miller '09 is studying music in Chicago.

George Miller '09 is in the wholesale creamery business at Perry.

Gladys Gifford '09 is studying music in Chicago. She is going out on a concert tour next winter.

Vera Mather Hayes '10 of Ashland, Wis., is visiting in Ames.

Jennie Mitchell '09 is teaching in the county high school at Panora.

Alice Mitchell '14 is attending the State Teachers' College.

The following are among the graduates from I. S. C. this year: Ora Griffith '10, Lula Gray '12, Ada Carmen '12, Ruth Curtiss '11, Eva Cox '10, Harriet Kintzley '11, Florence Watkins '12, Dessie Walker '12.

A society of the sons and daughters of graduates of Iowa State College was recently organized and the following graduates of A. H. S. are among the new members: Ruth Curtiss, '11, Edith Curtiss '13, Walter Harriman '15, Janet Knapp '13, Byron Knapp Ex-'12, Carrell McCawley Robert McCarthy '14, Geddes Niles '15, Julius Beach '13, and Clark Tilden '15.

Robert Graham '06 is assistant veterinarian for the state of Kentucky.

Helen Fairfield '10 is a very successful teacher in the high school at Galesburg, Ill. She spent her spring vacation visiting her mother at Ames.

Howard Hill '06, who has been connected with the public speaking department of the state college of Kansas, has recently resigned and will finish his law course.

Ruth Britten '12 will teach Home Economics near Algona the coming year.

Anne Farnum '09 is teaching English in the high school at Mitchelville.

J. J. Grove '78, the first graduate of A. H. S., has sold his grocery store which he has managed for more than thirty years and will go into the insurance business.

Harry Brown '93 has a small daughter, born May 9.

Lyle Corlette '05 since his graduation from I. S. C. has been connected with the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y. Lyle has been very successful.

Ethel Perkins, Genevieve Perkins and Bessie Griffith, all of the Class of '05, are teaching in California.

Robert Trullinger '06 has been in the canal zone for the last five years.

The following teachers in the Ames schools are graduates of A. H. S.: Misses Lanning, Cole, Epperson, Lysinger and Clark.

Earl Templeton '03 has been attending Toronto University at Toronto, Can.

Will Macklin '09 is a very successful veterinary surgeon at Coon Rapids.

Ronald Allen '14 is attending the university at Madison.

Mary Bryant Farnsworth '08 of Kansas has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wallis '04.

Constance Beardshear '11 is at home this year.

Earl Buchanan ex-'14 attended McAllister College at Minneapolis last semester.

Maude Arnold Jay '06 has a small daughter, Mildred, born in March.

Eva Persons Crawford '06 of Minneapolis is visiting in Ames.

Janet Knapp '13 played the part of Queen Elizabeth in the May Day Fete at Iowa State College.

Kenneth Kelso '10 is one of the new police force for Ames.

Nina Madson '06 is doing work for her master's degree at I. S. C.

Mabel Kingsbury '09 was recently married and is living on a farm at Belknap, Iowa.

Florence Caldwell Hoffman '07 spent the winter at Rutledge, N. J., where Prof. Hoffman is teaching.

Harriet Kintzley '11 has taken a very prominent part in dramatics and public speaking at I. S. C. She recently played the part of Peg in Peg o' My Heart.

Faith Clark Gilmore has recently moved from Winnipeg to Cornwallis, Ore., where Prof. Gilmore is teaching.

Opal Culp Freeman '07 of California is visiting her mother in Ames.

Lois Pammel, Dorothy Summers and Marjorie Summers are studying nursing in Chicago.

Ralph Downey ex-'13 and Lela Golden '13 were recently married.

Florence DeKlotz '14 is teaching in Wyoming.



CLASS OF 1887

LITERARY

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

Molly always listened good-naturedly to the suggestions of friends, that had poured in upon her every day since her arrival at the fashionable summer resort.

She hated dancing and considered it next in iniquity to the playing of cards. Tennis, altogether harmless in itself, called for short skirts, and a short skirt was a thing that Molly despised.

Nothing her friends could say was interesting enough to stimulate the slightest interest in latter-day gayety. She was old-fashioned and old-fashioned she intended to remain to the end of her days.

But one day in this quiet life of Molly's, entered a very difficult problem. The name of this problem was "Tom Reynolds," a young man who danced, played cards and did anything else to have a gay time. In every way he was exactly opposite of Miss Molly.

Molly had never even admitted to herself that she cared a fig for Tom, but when he danced half the night away with the beautiful girls at the resort, she would slip away to her room and cry because she was lonely.

This evening as she stood before her window, she was thinking how very lonsome and quiet everything was. The sound of music had died away, and everyone seemed to have disappeared. Soon she heard a gentle scratch at her door, and opening it she saw Tony, the pet dog of Tom Reynolds. With one glance she notice a slip of paper between his teeth. She took the note and this is what she read:

My Dear Miss Hays:

Please come down and talk to me. Everyone has disappeared and I must talk to someone.

T. Reynolds.

Miss Molly was proud and sensitive, and when she saw these words, "Everyone has disappeared," she flushed to her temples with resentment. Snatching up her pencil, she hastily scrawled:

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

Please get someone else. The other girls can play cards and I can not.

Yours truly,

Molly Hays.

She gave the note to Foxy and he dashed down the steps with it. In about two minutes he returned bringing another note:

"I do not wish to play cards. Please come.

T. R.

To which she replied:

I really cannot come. Try someone else.

A speedy answer followed:

I want to talk to you. No one else will do.

Molly hesitated but finally she scratched down with angry little digs of her pencil.

I may be old-fashioned, but I'm not foolish.

She gave the note to Foxy and he dashed away to the parlor. Molly stood watching him, wondering if she had done the right thing. What if he had really wanted her?

"Foxy," she called, "Come back." But the dog had disappeared so Molly sped after him.

Half way down the steps her voice reached him and he stopped. Running to him, she grasped him by his long silky ear, just as a shrill whistle sounded from below.

No Tony appeared, and the next moment Reynolds came bounding up the steps. Foxy sprang toward him, the torn edges of the paper between his teeth.

"Please don't read it!" said a muffled voice and Molly held her hand out for the paper.

"Why not?" he asked, bending over her.

"I'd rather not tell; only please do not."

Then there was a moment of silence, during which Molly went white and red by turns, so mortified was she, over the plight in which she had been trapped.

"Why mustn't I read it," he finally asked.

"Because I ask it."

"And if I don't?"

She flashed him an expressable glance.

"You will give something in exchange," he asked eagerly.

She nodded and held out her hand for the paper.

THE SAD PRANK OF MARY ANNE ELIZABETH JENKINS

"Mary Anne Elizabeth, I say, *Mary Anne Elizabeth!*"

"What ye want?"

"Come here."

Mary Anne Elizabeth came.

"If you have anything in that garden of yours that is fit to eat bring it in and we will have it for dinner," said Aunt Hezekiah.

Mary Anne Elizabeth bounded off in glee for she was very proud of her little weed patch which was, in very few places, disturbed by several meek little vegetables. The little girl had always lived in the south and was accustomed to careless ways, which were a great provocation to her aunt Hezekiah, a slender spinster of the north, who had taken Mary Anne Elizabeth to keep after the death of her mother, her last parent and close relative.

Now, Mary Anne Elizabeth had played with little colored folks, and, consequently, was not very careful and selective in her speech and if the carelessness in the garden provoked her aunt, I fear it would be rather difficult to explain her feeling when Mary Anne Elizabeth persisted in saying:

"Did ye want me, or wa'r ye'r jist hollerin'?"

But before this much can be told Mary Anne Elizabeth was back with some pithy radishes.

"Ain't them lovely, aunt."

"Aren't those, Mary."

"Ain't these lovely, aunt?"

"What? Those things? Humph! They might be lovely in your south but they can't be on my table."

"Wa'l!" said the little girl, aghast. "What a particular ole thing you be, anyhow."

"Mary Anne Elizabeth Jenkins!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That will do."

Happily, childish sorrows never last long and Mary Anne Elizabeth was soon again at play in the back yard. She was interrupted soon by the arrival of the vegetable cart. Erich, the owner, a small boy of twelve, was perched on top. Her failing garden again sought place in her thoughts. Jealousy prevailed and Erich's jolly "Hello there, Anne," was returned with a quick jerk and highly arched eyebrows.

Erich awkwardly "clamored" out and started to get his vegetables out when a sudden rushing noise was heard.

"Runaway! Mary Anne *Elizabeth*, come," shouted Erich.

Her haughtiness disappeared and she watched the excited horse as he sped down the road. Erich ran after, not especially to stop the runaway, but to see all that happened. Mary Anne Elizabeth turned slowly from the gate but her pace was quickened as she suddenly thought of a scheme. Jealousy will play a revenge, and she was jealous of Erich in school and at home.

Now, Erich was gone, his cart was here, and Aunt Hezekiah was sewing in the room on the other side of the house. If she could work the plan, perhaps auntie would not always decide all the quarrels in favor of Erich.

"Those old radishes an' lettuce heads in my garden, I'll put in his cart and I'll jist take his'n for my own."

She flew to the garden and pulled up her famished vegetables, then quick to the cart. She thrust them in beside Erich's and, oh, what a contrast. It hurt her eyes; quick as a flash the large lettuce heads and beautiful red radishes were out in her garden hidden under some weeds.

Erich lingered long at the place where the runaway was checked. Suddenly remembering his vegetables, he said:

"They will all be wilted and not fit to see, with this hot sun shining right on them."

He hurried back. Mary Anne Elizabeth was playing innocently in the back yard. He hurried to his cart. The sight hurt his eyes, also.

"Oh! Oh! They are spoiled."

Just then Aunt Hezekiah appeared.

"Have you some good vegetables, Erich?"

"Will you look at them please?"

"Why, Erich, they are not so good as usual."

"Please, ma'am, I know, but you see there was a runaway and I followed and while I was gone the sun beat down on them and—and ruined them, but I think, ma'am, that a little water will freshen them."

"Well, my boy, you are unlucky, so I'll take them, for, poor as they are, they are better than Mary Anne Elizabeth's. I guess I'll show these to her. Mary Anne Elizabeth!"

No answer. Again—

"Mary Anne Elizabeth; I say, Mary Anne Elizabeth!"

Mary Anne Elizabeth innocently appeared but already

Mary Anne Elizabeth innocently played deaf to all until the call grew so loud she was partially deafened.

"Yes, Aunt Hezzie."

"What? What, did you call me? Mary Anne Elizabeth, what did you say?"

"I—I said yes here's a lizzard."

"A lizzard; where?"

"Oh, just here."

"Where. Where? I can't see it."

"Auntie, it went down that 'er hole when it saw you a-comin'."

Aunt Hezekiah cast a doleful look at the indifferent little form, then suddenly remembered her message.

"Come back here and see the nice vegetables Erich grew."

"I don't like to look at vegetables."

"Come."

She followed behind, her little fist in her mouth to keep from laughing. Once a giggle did escape but it so closely resembled a sob that on a questioning look of her aunt's she said: "I stepped on a stub."

At sight of the withered pretence of vegetables she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Them things."

"If you can show me any better vegetables in your garden I'll—"

"You bet I can."

"Mary Anne Elizabeth!"

"Yes'm, I'll try."

She flew to her garden and in a strangely short period of

"Ain't them dandy?"

time she returned with crisplettuceandlargeradishes.

"Why didn't you bring those when I sent you out this morning?"

"Well—because-er—because—"

"Well, because what?"

"'Cause I was a-savin' of 'em fer seed."

"Well, I must see your garden if it is so good. Come, child—"

"Oh, auntie, I'm so hungry; let's have dinner."

"Well, why not see the garden?"

"It's so hot; we'll jist eat and not go out until it gets cooler."

"Go get your sunbonnet; we are going to your garden."

"Auntie, I can't find it."

"Here it is where you left it; in the yard of course."

What could be done now? With the bonnet on her head and auntie leading the way, she must do something.

Falling down did not delay things much and she was only reproved for awkwardness.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh, I'm so sick—it's so hot."

"Are you sick? Lie down in the shade, quick."

Mary Anne Elizabeth possessed the ability of remaining sick until she thought her aunt had forgotten it, but a glance told her that her aunt was approaching that ill fated weed patch. She pulled the weeds apart and looked in vain for crisp lettuce leaves. Very few withered ones were visible. Mary Anne Elizabeth saw there was no time to waste. The heat affected her no more. She sprung to her feet and hurried to a place of hiding. The stable was best. Once safely ensconced in a manger and well under cover she forgot her troubles. The heat again affected her and she fell asleep.

A few hours later she awakened. The sun gradually lowering came in at the window and beat down upon her face. She turned away and what did she see. It was cold affecting her now, it must be ice, by her shivering. No, it was colder than ice; it was a pair of keen gray eyes fixed upon her. She preferred the heat and turning slightly pretended to sleep. Then another freezing, a cold hand on her little plump arm. Worse yet, a cold voice broke the awful stillness.

"Get up."

"When you get all of your fine vegetables gathered in, you may go to your room and stay there. If you get hungry you can eat some of your nice vegetables."

Without protest Mary Anne Elizabeth Jenkins walked on to her room. She ascended the stairs, looking back once or twice but seeing no avenue of escape, she plodded wearily on. The door closed behind her and she heard the turn of the key. She dropped on the floor and burst into tears.

"Why, oh why, can't we all be Erichs?" —*Hazel Kintzley.*

A REVIEW OF THE LITERARY PROGRAMS

The first literary program was given by the Alpha Society.

Piano Solo	Theresa Judge
Thanksgiving	Victor Beach
Vocal Solo	Katherine Dodds
Male Quartet	
Girls' Chorus	
Farce	

The Omega Society gave their program December 17.

Piano Solo	Doris Wilson
Christmas in Other Lands	
Reading	Isabelle Valentine
Piano Solo	Lawrence Murphy
Farce	

Alpha Literary Society gave another program January 28, styled in the fashion of a magazine.

Cover Design	Roberta Thompson
Editorial	Harvey Fitch
Jokes	Joe Anderson
Story	Helen Curtis
Vocal Solo	Myrtle Hall
Poem	Pearl Cameron
Helpful Hints	Jessie Brooks
Fashions—	
Instrumental Solo	Enid Edwards
Home Department—	
Advertisements—	
Flossie Fisher's Funnies—	

Friday, March 3, the Omega Society gave the last program of the year.

"The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," and "Old Sweethearts of His."

THE DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The Declamatory Contest, given on the evening of March 24 in the High School Auditorium, was one of the best productions of the Literary Societies of Ames High. The only drawback was that the audience was rather lacking in numbers, but we are glad to say they did not lack in spirit.

The contestants, as trained by Miss Krakaw of the college Public Speaking Department, did justice to their trainer. The one regret remaining is that they could not each receive some honor. The winners each received a five-dollar gold piece, which was offered by Gus Martin's, Tilden's and the Fair stores.

Wallace Longworth took first in the oratorical division and we are still wondering what he did with the shining piece of gold.

Martha Lesau, in "The Littlest Rebel," gained an easy victory and won first over all divisions. Her audience were in sympathy with "Virgie" from first to last.

Thelma Smith, giving "Mandy's Organ," won a great deal of applause and carried off the prize in the humorous class.

All contestants showed good work and it is hoped that those who could not place this year will, if they are still in Ames High, enter next year and prove that although they have been beaten once, they will not stay beaten.

The contest was given as follows:

Doris Wilson, Selection from Speech of Ex-president Roosevelt	
Wallace Longworth.....Man's Attainment and Development	
Music	Naomi Britten
Fern Grover	The Captive American Girl
Florence Emery	Kate Shelley
Pearl Apland	The Man in the Shadow
Imogene Dean	The Sailor of Havre
Ruth Baker	The Swan Song
Martha Lesau	The Littlest Rebel
Ruby Wasser	The Revolt of Mother
Music	Myrtle Hall
Frances Frick.....When Grandma Keller Gets Grandpa Ready	
for Sunday School.	
Hazel Kintzley	The In-Or-In
Thelma Smith	Mandy's Organ
Music	Lawrence Murphy
	—H. K.



WINNERS IN DECLAMATORY CONTEST
 MARTHA LESAN—DRAMATIC.
 WALLACE LONGWORTH—ORATORICAL.
 THELMA SMITH—HUMOROUS.



"My friend," said Douglas Jerrold, "have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a dollar?"

"Oh yes, I have the confidence," said his friend, "but I haven't the dollar."

—0—

An Example of Deformed Grammars

A cautious look around he stole
His bags of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

—0—

Dutch Indifference:

"Sir," said the Yankee, "you promised to vote for my bill."

"Vell," said the Dutch member, "Vat if I did?"

"Well sir, you voted against it."

"Vell, vat if I did?"

"Well sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?"

—0—

CROW—A bird that never complains without caws. (cause).

Neither do Seniors!

—0—

Mr. Hicks illustrating in pedagogy as to teaching grammar—good, better, worse.

—0—

The Seniors are Noted For:

1—Pep. 2—Good Grades. 3—Dignity. 4—Class Parties.

—0—

Frank Sowers—"I'm going to stay in High School another year."

Kathryn Allan—"I should think you would; you're so small."

Frank—"You should have graduated last year."

—0—

Helen Zenor—"How are your pictures, Lura?"

Lura Gamble—"Perfectly horrid, but they say you can't fool a camera."

We hear that Harold Crosby has been patronizing one of our clothing stores lately. Cause—an accident in German class.

—o—

Teacher—"Dorothy, throw your gum in the waste basket."
Dorothy Beam—"Can't; I just swallowed it."

—o—

Overheard, just before eating at the Junior-Senior reception—Oh, cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

—o—

Though a kiss be amiss,
She who misses the kisses.
As a Miss without kiss,
Will miss being Mrs.
And he who a miss
Leaves both Misses and kisses,
Will miss Miss and a kiss
And the kisses of Mrs.

—o—

Now, I wonder just what he did mean,
This High School boy, lanky and lean,
When he watched from afar,
A girl enter her car,
And remarked, "What a nice limousine."

—o—

Teacher—"The real sufferers from war are women."
Hester C.—"Yes, it will be a sad leap year in Europe with all the good prospects in the trenches."

—o—

"My dog just committed suicide."
"That so?"
"Yes; he caught hold of his tail and said, 'This is the end of me.'"—Ex.

—o—

Pat and Mike, who had just come to New York, were reading the evening paper. "Mike," said Pat, "Here's the feller what murdered the president. I s'pose they'll hang 'im."
"Oh no, Pat. They won't hang 'im. Here in New York they kill 'em by elocution."

—o—

Miss Thornburg—"There were no cars in the olden days."
Mary McC.—"Oh yes there were! It says here, 'Caesar crossed the Rubicon on a Ford.'"

THE SENIOR FAMILY

Will "(Jones)" carried on a very flourishing business as a black "Smith" in the small town of "Kloppenburg," which is situated, as our geographies show, in "Apland," close to "Hougl-land." Will was a "Wiseman" and also a "Goodrich" man. But there was a cause for his wealth. Often he was "Likely" to be in his shop working hard before the first little "Beam" of light flickered across the "Fairfield of waving corn, into the open door, to "Pierce" the duskiness of his forge and vie with the "Sparks" from the anvil. But "Glad-is" the man who does his duty and Will really worked in "Ernest." He was "Long-worth" more than any other man in the village. Every morning he heard the "Cox" crow first. In fact, he was a very diligent and enterprising man. Will's wife was a very aristocratic sort of a person. She had descended from a "Briton" and claimed relationship with a very renowned "Judge." She could "Baker" bread and pies better than any other woman in "Kloppenburg." However, she had been ill for quite a while and for a whole week she was forced to live on nothing but milk, drinking a "Can-a-day." Therefore, at the time my story takes place she sat most of the time in a great chair by the south window, with a beautiful "Schaal" around her shoulders and a wonderful "Pearl" ring on her hand.

(Will's-son) "Wilson," "Max," however, was the black sheep of the family. Instead of being diligent, he took great delight in loafing. His ideal pleasure was to be on his back in some peaceful "Glen" or "Dale," by one of the many gurgling "Brooks," watching the flowers slowly "Budd" and open, and listening to the "Russell" of the leaves above him. It is said that "Max" once started the dog to chasing "Tom," his mother's favorite angora. Evidently "Tom" was terribly frightened at such a ferocious "Barker" for he ran swiftly up a tree. "Max" was then forced to "Sally" forth to rescue "Tom," and Mrs. "Jones" had to "Pettit" many minutes before its fears were calmed. When "Max" came in from a long day's jaunt he always called for his favorite "Stew," seasoned well with "Pepper." The only thing in which "Jones" was proud of his son was his refusal to "Gamble." In this way he walked the straight and narrow path.

It is now fitting and proper that I should end my tale, as I am sure that nothing "Morris" (more is) necessary.

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DIAMONDS

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one clerk and now have five?*

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